Liberty

AUGUST 1948

10 cents

HOPE FOR HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS

Amazing New Creme Shampoo

RE-COLORS HAIR

IN 22 MINUTES
TO BLACK, BROWN AUBURN OR BLONDE

Now change streaked, drab, gray or graying hair to new, youthful, lustrous, natural appearing color. Yes, with amazing Tintz Creme Shampoo. It's the new modern Hair Coloring that recolors your hair right at home as it shampoos. And so easily—takes only 22 minutes. Tintz contains magic Paraphenylene Diamine and is guaranteed to recolor more beautifully and leave your hair more lustrous than any other type hair coloring. Won't hurt permanents. Won't wash or rub off. Send coupon for your shade now:

Men look Younger, too

Men in all walks of life use Tintz because it leaves hair so natural appearing. Doesn't shout, "dyed." Order now. Only $1.25 plus tax.

SEND NO MONEY
ON THIS NO RISK OFFER

Just clip coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival deposit $1.25 plus tax and postage with your postman; then shampoo—tint easily, quickly, right in your home. You must be completely delighted with results or your money refunded upon return of empty carton.

NEW *Tintz* CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING
Instantly Makes Old Hair Look Young Again

Why put up with old looking, gray, drab or faded hair? Just brush on Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring then shampoo. One application cleanses, reconditions and recolors to any of 8 beautiful natural appearing youthful shades. Get glorious new color now. Caution: Use only as directed on label and perfect results are guaranteed.

NO FINER HAIR COLORING KNOWN

DARK BROWN
Tintz
CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING
CAUTION

COLOR LASTS...
Only occasional retouching of new grown hair needed. Send Coupon Now.

TINTZ CO.
Dept. 39-A
205 N. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO 1, ILL.

TINTZ CO., Dept. 39-A, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

☐ Send my Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair coloring in shade checked at right. On arrival I will deposit $1.25 plus tax and postage charges with postman on guarantee I can return the empty carton for any reason within 7 days, and you will refund my money. (If $1.50 [tax included] comes with this coupon, Tintz pays the postage.)

- ☐ BLACK
- ☐ DARK BROWN
- ☐ MED. ASH BROWN
- ☐ AUBURN (HENNA)
- ☐ MED. WARM BROWN
- ☐ LIGHT BROWN
- ☐ BLONDE

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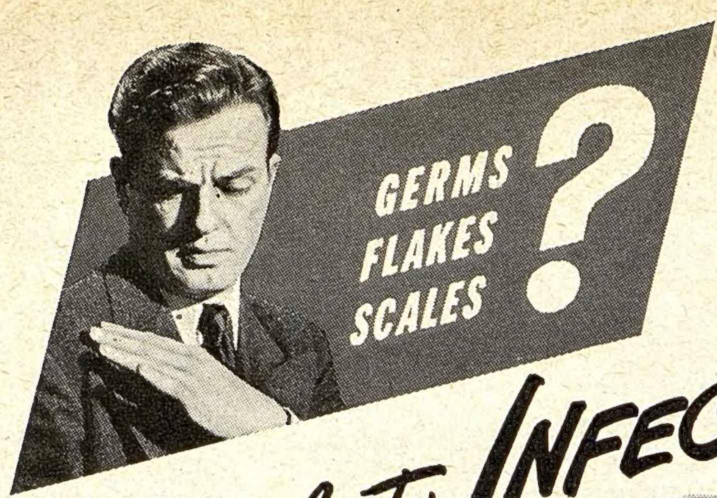
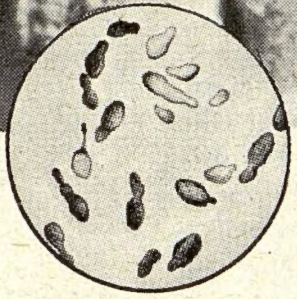


Don't neglect INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" Pityrosporum ovale, regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

If You're Smart, You'll Make Listerine Antiseptic and Massage A Part of Your Regular Hair Care

THOSE ugly little germs on the scalp, those flakes and scales on hair and coat collar may mean you're in for infectious dandruff . . . *and that you need antiseptic treatment at once.*

If you have the slightest symptom, get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that has helped so many because it treats an infection as it should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic goes right to work on the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) . . . kills it by millions. This is the ugly customer that many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Don't try to conquer it with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing action.

Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Make it a part of your regular hair care. And if the symptoms persist, repeat the treatment twice daily.

You will be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

the TESTED TREATMENT

☞ *NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?*

Liberty WASHINGTON

by Stacy V. Jones

Crashing West Point and Annapolis • Getting a boy into West Point or Annapolis is easier nowadays than it was prewar. But the physical and educational tests are as tough as ever, and it's well to plan things a couple of years before he finishes high school.

First write for information. On West Point, write The Adjutant General, Washington 25, D. C., for the Military Academy Catalog of Information. On Annapolis, write the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington 25, D. C., for (1) the Naval Academy Catalog of Information and (2) the Regulations Governing the Admission of Candidates into the Naval Academy.

Look over the requirements to see whether anything would bar your son. (Indelicate tattooing is one, but you can alter the design.) The next step is to apply to your Representative or Senator. He is entitled to four men at West Point and five at Annapolis at a time, which means he can usually send one man annually to each. Some Congressmen require applicants to take "designating examinations," and then select appointees on this competitive showing.

A boy may need to shape his high-school course over the last two years so that he can meet the entrance requirements. Appointments can be made a year in advance, and they remain valid even though the Congressman who made them is defeated. The geographical requirements are rigid, and even if the academy entering classes are under strength, there must be a vacancy in your district or state before your boy can obtain an appointment.

Most appointments are Congressional, but there are some from the ranks, reserves, and military schools, and from among the sons of regular officers and enlisted men, of Medal of Honor holders and of certain deceased veterans. See regulations in the pamphlets.

Since V-J Day competition for appointments has slackened because of postwar apathy, the fact that many young men can get free education under the G.I. Bill of Rights and still marry, and low pay for young officers.

The Navy provides four-year educations at 52 civilian colleges under its Holloway Plan. Those who pass the examinations and are approved by State Selection Committees get free tuition, textbooks, uniforms, and $600 a year. They must stay single until commissioned, and must serve two years as Navy or Marine officers. If they then resign, they stay in the reserve four more years. About 2,500 will be chosen next December. Ask the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington 25, D. C., for the NROTC Bulletin of Information.

The Army and Air Force do not have parallel plans, but will offer commissions as regulars each year to 600 or more outstanding college graduates.

Government Bargain Counters • Any World War II veteran will do well to drop in now and then at the Customer Service Center of the War Assets Administration in his area. Among the 200,000 different items of consumer goods with an original cost of more than a billion dollars which WAA has left, he may find things he needs. Most of them are used, but they're sold at wholesale prices or less.

Popular buys like wrist watches, typewriters, binoculars, and Navy clocks are set aside for over-the-counter sale to the people with discharge papers. They may be on display one day and gone the next. The few house trailers, jeeps, passenger cars, station wagons, and motorcycles that come in are snapped up. On special offerings of goods for which there is big demand, the would-be buyers are chosen by lot.

The non-veteran may find something through WAA advertisements, but usually he doesn't get a chance to buy anything at retail from WAA except heavy items. That is, he probably can't pick up a life raft or flashlight, but he may do better on a pump, lathe, or tractor.

Each state has at least one of the 72 Customer Service Centers. If none is in your telephone book under War Assets, write War Assets Administration, Washington 25, D. C., for a list of centers.

Economy Cookbook • For a free copy of the government's new recipe and menu book, Money-Saving Main Dishes, send a card addressed simply: Food Conservation, Washington 25, D. C.

Park Vacations • You have a choice of more than 100 national parks and monuments for your vacation this summer, but most of them are crowded in August, and you might consider going after Labor Day. In the autumn the bears will be more interested in you, because there are fewer tourists around to amuse them, and the park naturalists will have more time to tell you about the birds and the bees.

Pleasant fall vacations may be spent, says the National Park Service, at such places as Mount Rainier, in Washington State; most of the parks in California and the Southwest; the Great Smokies of North Carolina and Tennessee, and Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

New England's Acadia National Park on Mount Desert, Maine, a third of which was burned last year, will be comfortable as to climate through October.

Accommodations vary from camping grounds through housekeeping cabins to de luxe hotel rooms. For out-of-season visits it's best to take your own car, as the bus services may be discontinued in the fall.

Our 28 national parks (set aside chiefly for scenery) and 85 national monuments (set aside primarily for historic and scientific interest) cover more than 20,000,000 acres in some 40 states. Besides the views, they offer chances to study ancient Indian culture, glaciers, geysers, sequoias and redwoods, deserts and canyons.

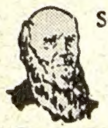
To find out about places in your vicinity, write National Park Service, Washington 25, D. C. Until they run out, the Service will send you pamphlets describing the near-by parks. Most national parks and some monuments offer overnight accommodations. Camp grounds are managed by the National Park Service itself, and are all free. If you want to stay at a hotel, lodge, ranch, or cabin, write the operating companies named in the pamphlet for their current rates.

These are all run by concessioners under government contract. In general, rates are lowest where the season is longest and the overhead can be spread thin. Sometimes the sleeping accommodations are all outside the park grounds. Information can be obtained from local chambers of commerce.

Old Age Income • If grandpa has retired, you'd better jog his memory about his old-age insurance. People who apply late for their benefits are losing about $8,000,000 a year. Nobody knows how much is lost by those who don't apply at all.

More than 900,000 oldsters not now drawing payments can do so if they aren't making $15 a month or more in jobs covered by the system. The payments average $24.10 a month.

The Social Security Administration advises all oldsters to inquire promptly at one of the 476 field offices when they turn 65. Survivors should apply promptly at time of death. Families of World War II veterans who died after leaving the service may be eligible, even though the men never worked in insurance-covered jobs. ■■

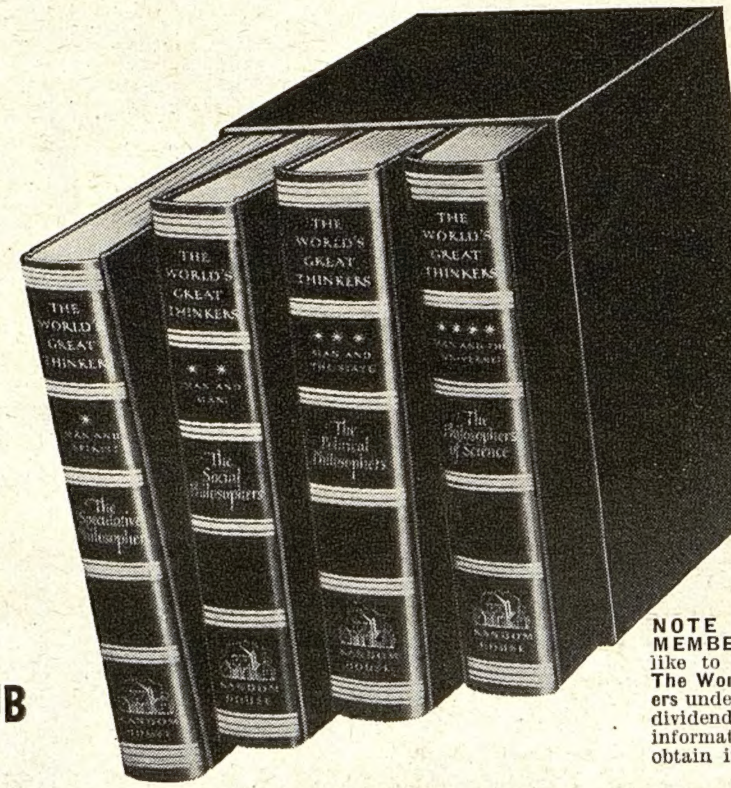


SCHOPENHAUER

COPERNICUS

They too were worried about life and the world—let them help you find understanding

HERE, in his own words, is the essence of what each one of these great men thought—to help you formulate your own philosophy of life. These are precious books for all thoughtful persons. They are to be read over a period of many months, even years. They are books to be dipped into only when you feel like it. There are hundreds of passages in them that you will want to read and re-read and ponder upon. They are to be read aloud sometimes, they are to be shared with those nearest to you. They are "desert-isle" books, which over the years will probably become prized more than anything in your library.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These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year the retail value of the free books Club members received was in excess of $16,000,000.

Why not share in this distribution, *particularly since you need never take any book you do not want*, and actually pay less for many books?

Also, as a member, you are kept fully informed about all the important new books, and insure yourself against missing the ones you are particularly anxious to read. These, briefly, are the sensible reasons why hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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Liberty

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES

by Elizabeth Wilson

Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, and Fred Astaire in Easter Parade.

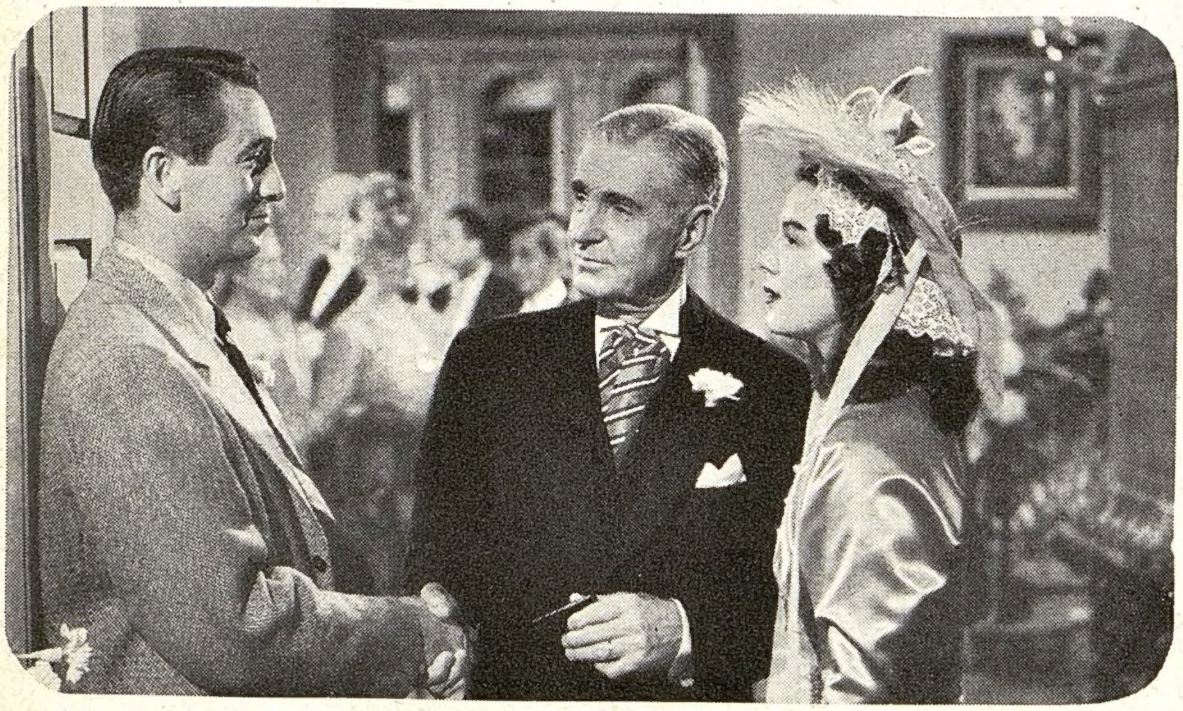
EASTER PARADE

■ M-G-M's Easter Parade in Technicolor has all the earmarks of being Hollywood's top musical of 1948. It has Irving Berlin's music, Fred Astaire's magnificent dancing, and it has Judy Garland singing better than she ever sang before. The setting is that colorful era of Ziegfeld and Dillingham shows. Astaire plays a celebrated dancer who in a moment of pique because his partner has walked out on him swears he can make a great star of any chorus girl. The girl he chooses is Judy Garland. In time they become the most exciting dance team on Broadway. The film is full of old and new Berlin songs and it offers Peter Lawford in a raccoon coat and driving a red Stutz.

Two scheming Hubbards, played by Fredric March and Ann Blyth.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

■ Universal-International has faithfully adapted Another Part of the Forest, Lillian Hellman's play of two years ago, to the screen. Those money-grabbing Hubbards come to life with fascinating realism. Marcus Hubbard (Fredric March) and his family are hated in Bowden, Alabama, because Marcus was a Civil War profiteer. His children – Ben (Edmond O'Brien), Oscar (Dan Duryea), and Regina (Ann Blyth) – have inherited his greed. Lavina, the mother (Florence Eldridge), finally comes to dislike her family and reveals that it was Marcus who betrayed Bowden's boys to the Union troops. That's when son Ben takes over and runs the family with the same iron hand as his father.



Macdonald Carey (left) breaks Betty Hutton of daydreaming.

DREAM GIRL

■ Betty Hutton gets ample scope for her varied talents in Dream Girl. Adapted from Elmer Rice's successful play, this Paramount production gives Betty nine widely different roles during her daydreaming existence. They range from Cho-Cho-San in Madame Butterfly to a disillusioned tramp in a South Seas honkytonk. Betty has a field day in this highly entertaining and amusing picture. Macdonald Carey plays a brash newspaperman who cures Betty of her daydreaming. Excellent in the cast are Peggy Wood and Walter Abel as mother and father, and Virginia Field and Patric Knowles as sister and brother-in-law. The directing is by Mitchell Leisen.

By "The Undisputed King of Mystery Writers"

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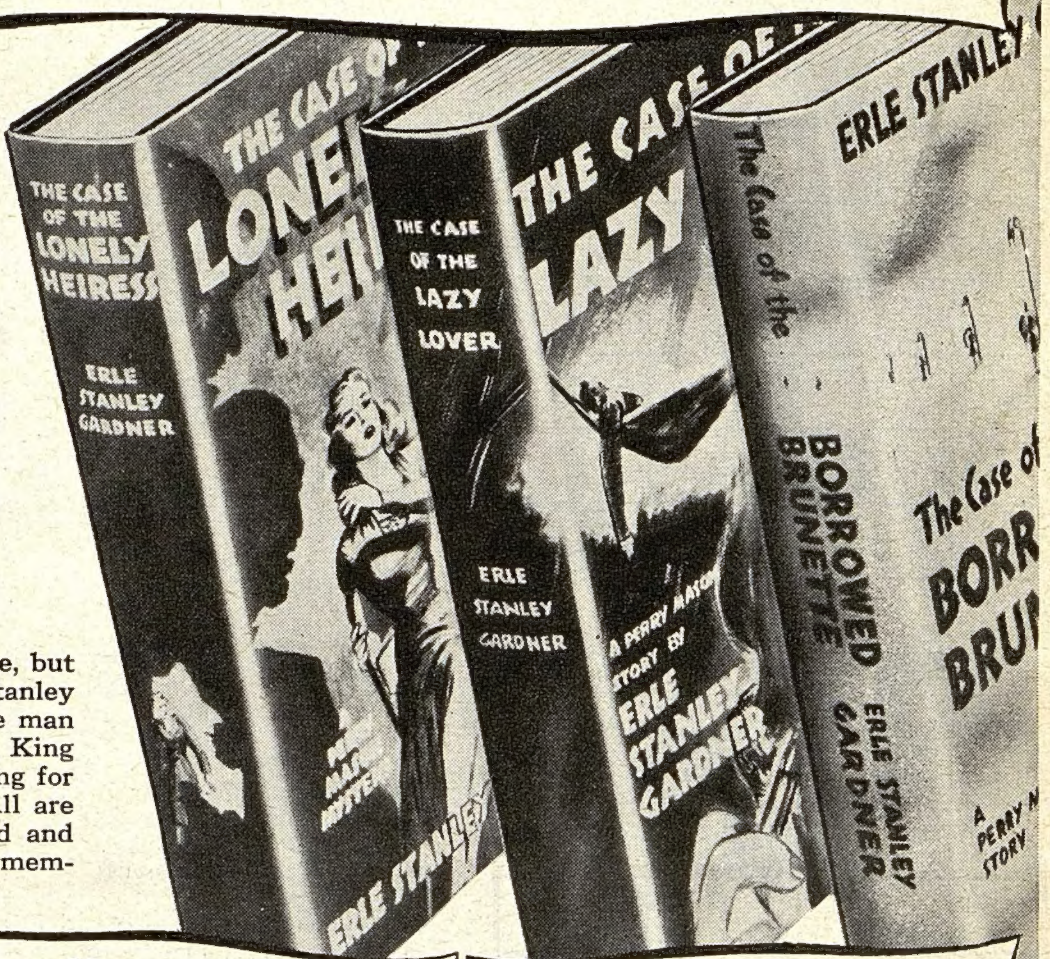
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A PERRY MASON STORY BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
ERLE STANLEY
The Case of the BORROWED BRUNETTE
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A PERRY MASON STORY

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The Case of the LONELY HEIRESS

FIRST PERRY finds a rich publisher posing as a chauffeur. Then DELLA STREET sees her boss *smearing his face with ink and lipstick.* Then, the COPS discover him with a female corpse—and the only fingerprints found are Perry Mason's!

Perry has to get *himself* "off the spot," then prove his *client* didn't commit a murder from which *ONLY SHE* could profit!

The Case of the LAZY LOVER

HOW would you like to have a beautiful client who jumps *back into* hot water as fast as you pull her out? That's Perry Mason's headache with Lola Allred!

First, Lola runs off with *her daughter's No. 1 suitor.* Then, she rents a car under a false name, registers under *another* false name—and gives a *false reason for her trip.* Finally, they find Lola's husband DEAD—*in her car!*

The Case of the BORROWED BRUNETTE

"BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE—colorful, adventurous work—AT $50 A DAY." It all starts with an advertisement worded like that!

Eva Martell is told that all she must do is occupy a swanky apartment, receive no visitors. She accepts, but asks Perry Mason if it's legal. He decides it's O.K.—until Eva's employer is found with a bullet through his head—right in that very apartment!

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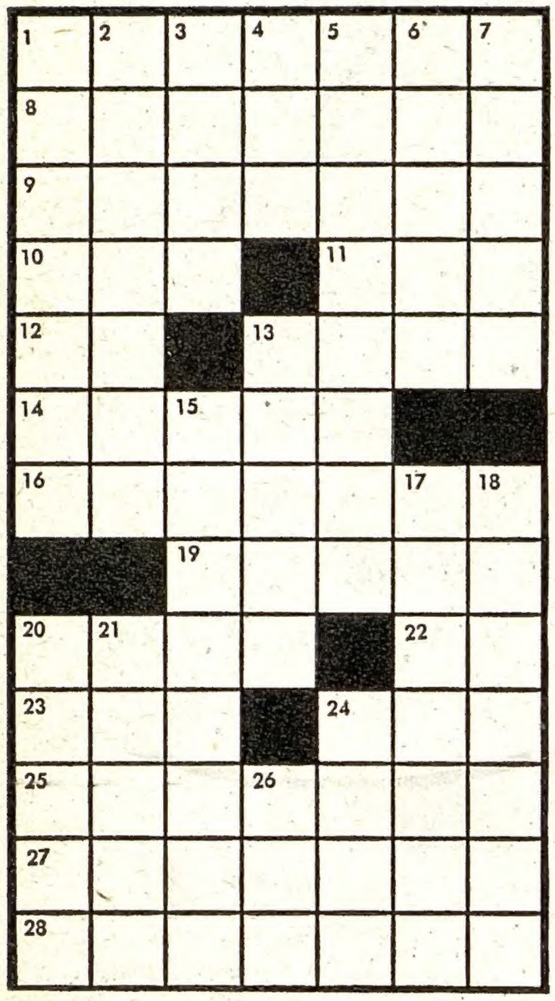
SHANANAGRAMS...COCKEYED CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 **Al the miner** has to dig for **almerin**
8 **O, Margie** call Vespucci in Columbusland
9 **Peg's son** cadges among the old soaks
10 It's Chinese and it doesn't quite make sense
11 Number of worlds and wives enough for one man
12 Complete: Wot's yer 'urry, 'ere's yer ——!
13 **Tars** are crafty
14 **To Gus,** with much exuberance
16 Marry and **see soup.** Canny, eh?
19 Bugle **notes** attack
20 **Race** package for Europe relief
22 State of the Union (abbr.)
23 A basic American education
24 Start of a yell
25 M & 8
27 **Tin room** on a raft, or first battlewagon
28 Dese poily t'ings git stewed in Brookalyn

DOWN

1 A slap-around at Sam's age
2 **Time's up** for momentum
3 Broadway makes light of this
4 The ash-receiver bird
5 Vitamighty and hard
6 Person in whose face actors and writers throw 10 per cent of their ashes when dead
7 Ungains **soles**
13 **No tea** unless you reform
15 Scotch moneybags
17 He **orates 'n'** rants like a leaky gasbag
18 **Chester** among the artistic scratchers
20 What de la what would appeal to a French cat?
21 Enterable via a can opener **or ram**
24 **Tear** hair at RR. cost
26 Louse of a **tin egg**

S	A	L	A	M	I	S
E	D	U	C	A	T	E
D	O	N	E	G	A	L
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B	E	A	V	E	R	S
A	N	I	M	A	T	E
R	E	L	I	N	E	D

July Answer

HORIZONTAL

1 World's most glamorous flyers
11 Beantown (with The)
14 Minor country
15 Smellevision stars
16 Non-flying Constellation
17 Landlord's gallon of blood
18 Flies with tail gunners
19 Old tavern hangout
20 An in-and-outer
22 Best way to keep a bull
24 Cause of a sudden drop in population
26 What the Poles and Thinnish people are
27 Top-kicked the meeting
31 Should this country have a C attached in front?
34 Soothing fluid
35 Bank
37 Stands this way: /
38 The dry cleaner's dog
40 What mathematicians follow while driving
42 Rib
43 Beer at its worst
45 Turco-Italian moneys
47 Ideal number of wives
48 Beaver State
50 The Mad Hatter (fem.)
52 Seth's boy
54 Boys' Oxford
55 Quartet of clubby chaps suffering from athlete's putt
59 Master Builders of Dolls' Houses
63 Bucolic bistros
64 Confederate theme song

M	E	L	T	S	■	A	L	C	O	H	O	L	I	C
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A	C	E	■	I	A	G	O	■	I	N	T	E	N	T
S	T	R	A	N	G	E	■	A	T	I	E	■	■	■
■	■	W	A	G	E	■	B	L	I	N	D	E	R	S
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W	O	R	D	■	P	A	V	E	S	■	A	T	T	A
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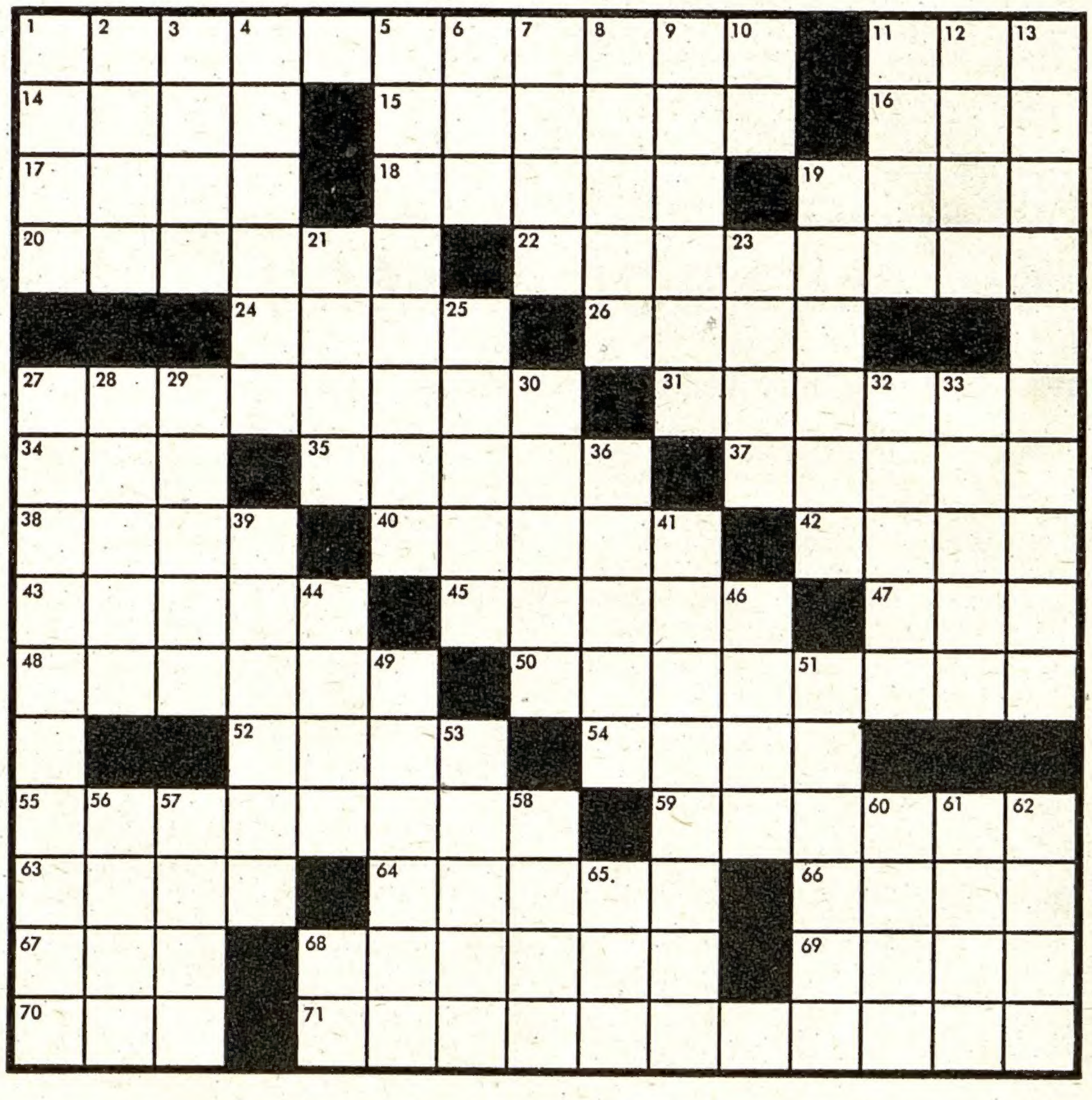
C	O	B	A	L	T	■	A	E	R	O	■	A	P	E
A	G	E	D	■	A	P	T	S	■	N	O	I	S	E
L	E	S	E	■	I	R	O	N	■	A	B	N	E	R
M	E	T	R	O	N	O	M	E	■	S	A	S	S	Y

July Answer

66 How dogies git along
67 Two owe won
68 People who help win a war so they can fight each other afterward
69 The I of Greece
70 Tahw emos sreflog evird ffo morf drawkcab
71 Person who drinks to thee only with his eyes

VERTICAL

1 Here's a sticker for you
2 Employer's ruse (anag.)
3 It's a sticker
4 Unexiled Siberians
5 Stagecoach gearshifts
6 Brother, is he holy!
7 Out of this world (yet in it)
8 Needle
9 The Hat Parade
10 Ocean greyhound (abbr.)
11 Bound to come out on top
12 Needle
13 He shakes a stick at a lot of windbags and they come out with the most awful squawks
19 Personal antennae
21 With the Nazis gone, man has stopped growing one
23 What the truckman was told to hire
25 Hotspot operator
27 Game based on the Sexual Behavior of the U. S. Mail (two words)
28 More throwable kinda tomato
29 Run away with the old folks' pearl
30 Stevedore satin
32 Saloon with literary bums
33 Sillyboyish
36 Ghost lake
39 Maharajah's house pets
41 Raciest; gobbiest
44 Some of the grandeest chappos in Spain
46 Just a big fat victim of his own good nature
49 Deflated spaghetti
51 What you can't do with sense in Mortimer Snerd
53 Flash in the pan
56 How Beauty and the Beast got started
57 Fundamental item
58 Scramway
60 Ffuts yniarb
61 Musical flyspeck
62 Magnificent hunk of ham
65 Independent Egg Openers (abbr.)
68 Right there



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

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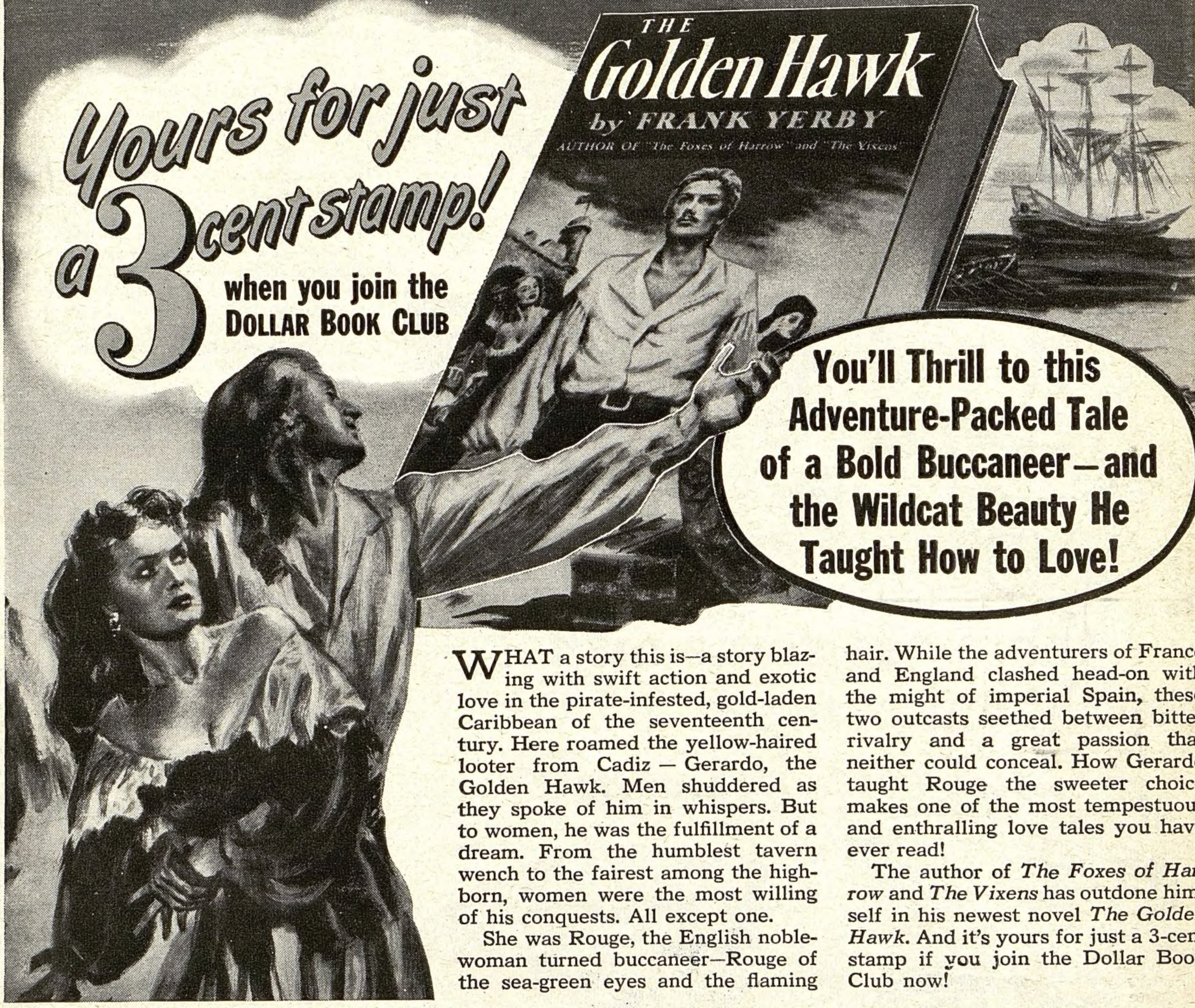
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EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each.

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He's no help! But there are some dishes that are sure to please -and one of them is
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They're Really Baked
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Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

A Look at a Record

New York, N. Y.—In all my experience I have encountered no better example of a half-truth being as dangerous, if not more harmful, than an outright falsehood than the references to Negro soldiers in World War II in William Bradford Huie's article in the June Liberty entitled Are Americans Afraid to Fight? After admitting that "American Negroes did excellent work on the Ledo Road; they made smart and creditable military policemen; there were a few capable Negro pilots; and there were several excellent Negro artillery battalions," Mr. Huie makes the sweeping generalization that "the Negro as a front-line rifleman was not impressive."

Mr. Huie attempts to demolish the argument that "if segregation were ended in the army the Negro would make a dependable front-line soldier" by pointing out that the Nisei were also segregated, but that "they fought gallantly, without a single desertion."

Japanese-American troops did a magnificent job in Italy and on other battle fronts. But Nisei troops were permitted to serve as combat troops and there was no objection even among Americans who questioned the loyalty of Americans of Japanese descent. Individual Nisei served in non-segregated units without objection, particularly in the Air Corps. The 442d Infantry Regiment, which fought with such distinction in Italy, came from Hawaii, where there was little racial discrimination prior to the war and where many of the soldiers of that regiment had served in an unsegregated National Guard. In the United States, only New Jersey maintains a nonsegregated National Guard.

Negro Americans, despite an unbroken record of loyalty and despite their individual educational background, were almost universally herded into service battalions and denied the opportunity of serving as combat troops.

There was a deliberate campaign which I encountered as a war correspondent in all parts of the world to humiliate, penalize, and break the spirit of American Negro troops. When the 93d Division, a Negro combat unit, performed acceptably every assignment given it, a vicious campaign of lies was spread to discredit the division.

Neither Mr. Huie nor any other American of intelligence and integrity could dismiss the grim truth that as long as racial segregation is perpetuated in a so-called democratic army, there will be lessened incentive to fight for a democracy which is seldom accorded to Negro Americans.—*Walter White, Secretary, N.A.A.C.P.*

We are glad to devote Vox Pop's space to Mr. White's rebuttal—befitting a department where Americans may always speak their minds.—Vox Pop Ed.

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Cover photo by George Hurrell. Tire, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; Keds, U. S. Rubber Co.; Thermos bottle, American Thermos Co.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ Now that THE MAN WITH MY FACE is concluded, Liberty readers may relax a bit. Author Sam Taylor's telephone in Redwood City, California, will have a breather, too. "Strangers," wrote Sam recently, "phone me to ask, 'How does it come out? What happens?' My standard reply is, 'It's the butler,' which leaves them muttering and, I hope, avid for the next issue." Incidentally, A. A. Wyn is publishing this serial as a book next fall. . . . Oscar Schisgall's new two-parter, THE WAY I KILLED HIM, will take care of excitement-cravers in this and the September issues. Then watch out, for Sam Taylor returns with a new and equally absorbing serial starting in October. . . . We are grateful to the New England Woman's Press Association for selecting Grace Nies Fletcher's A LETTER FROM MAC, published in Liberty last year, as the best short story to have been written by a New England author. . . . Food editor Beulah Karney was born in Fruitvale, California. Beulah broadcasts a food commentary over the coast-to-coast network of the American Broadcasting Company Saturday mornings at nine o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. She is also heard daily over WENR in Chicago and transcribed over hundreds of independent stations.

■ Next month: Look for Washington editor Stacy V. Jones' exclusive forecast of how atomic energy will change your daily life—for the better. Look, too, for an on-the-scene objective report of the workings of prohibition in Kansas, where it has never been repealed. . . . There are many more vital articles in the September issue. . . . On the fiction side we're proud to bring you one of the finest short stories we have ever read, F. Hugh Herbert's THERE WAS THIS GIRL. . . . More pages of home interest and features, too, including some sage counsel on back-to-school purchases. . . . The September issue reaches newsstands about August 18. . . . Hope to see you right here with us again next month.—*D. B.*

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There's hope for hay-fever sufferers

by Aiken Welch

■ There is hope for hay fever. There are drugs that can help you. But take time to investigate the subject and let your better judgment guide you instead of wishful thinking. The purpose of this article is to let you know in brief what the newest drugs can do, what leading doctors know about hay fever, and how you can apply that knowledge.

There are several drugs that will probably give immediate relief.

Benadryl and pyrabenzamine have been on the market for several years. In addition there are hydrillin, neohetramine, neo-antergen, and others. All of these are compounded on the antihistamine principle—they presumably block the action of the circulating chemical that many doctors believe causes the membranes to swell up. If these antihistaminic drugs really succeed in curbing it *over a period of some years*, many doctors feel that one of the major problems in dealing with hay fever will be solved.

But, doctors warn you, don't rush out and buy these drugs yourself. Let your doctor determine which suit you best. Some of these drugs, for instance, while almost magical in relieving hay-fever symptoms, have certain "side effects" not beneficial.

Psychology plays a strong part in hay fever. Worrying can't give you hay fever, but it certainly can make it worse. One man sneezes at the sight of artificial flowers or imitation timothy grass in a stage set. Another who is allergic to horse dander has learned to shut his eyes during the horse-racing sequences in the news films. Otherwise he begins to sneeze. This doesn't mean that hay fever is imaginary. It is all too real.

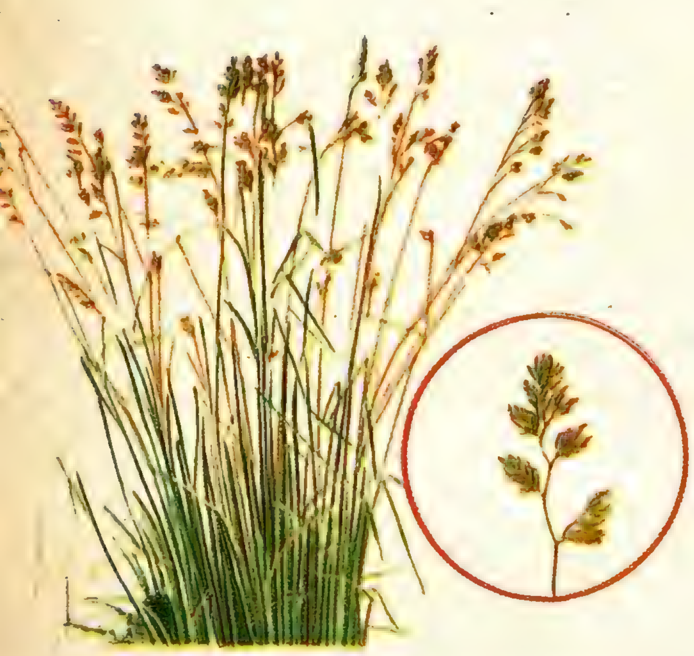
What is hay fever, then, and why is it so important to treat it?

Hay fever, the doctors tell us, is a disease of the entire system. It is not infectious. Aside from being a dreadful nuisance during attacks, the most important reason for treating hay fever is that an ominously large proportion of those who neglect hay fever end up with asthma. And asthma is a serious and disabling disease.

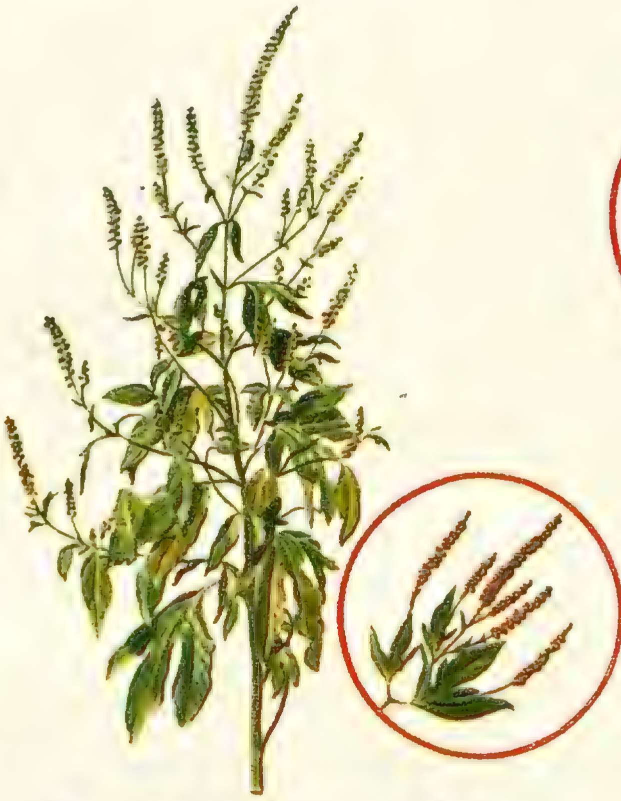
Hay fever is an allergic response. Which means something like this:

There are groups of cells in your body that band together like soldiers, ready to defend the tissues against attacks from outside enemies. The attackers are certain food, pollen, and animal substances. As these enemies enter the body, through the nose for example, the soldier cells, equipped with antibodies, rise to defend the nasal tissues they are part of. In doing so, a chemical substance, called H-substance or histamine-like substance, is released into the tissues. After a while so much H-substance appears, that the tissues are irritated. This response is an allergic attack. You know, because you weep, sneeze, and itch.

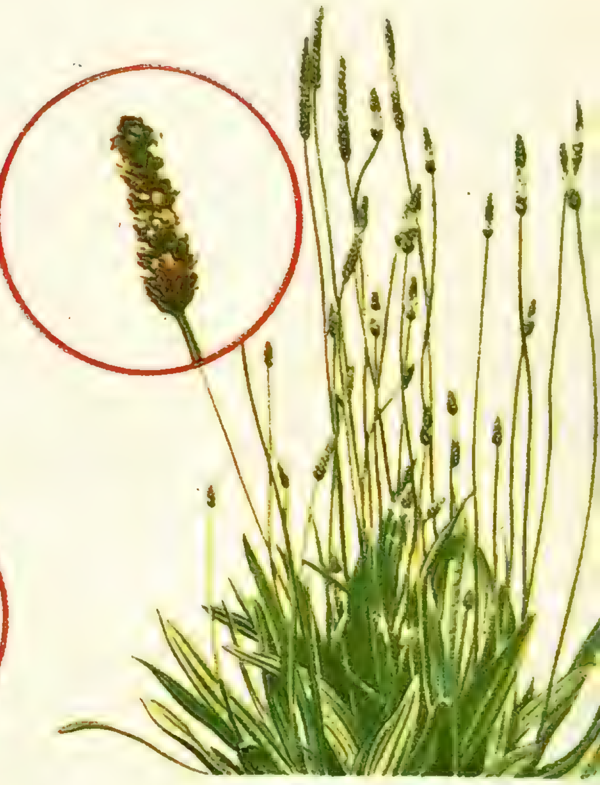
If you are prone to hay fever, certain substances will habitually cause this response in you. Your doctor wants to find out what they are. So he puts a small amount of



Orchard grass tickles some noses throughout the summer.



Giant ragweed is one of the worst villains in the East.



English plantain causes grass hay fever in East and Plains.

reading time 5 minutes

Millions breathe August's pollen-laden air and weep. But they can take heart, for medical science has new drugs that do wonders for the snifflers and the sneezers

what he calls antigen, or enemy substance, under your skin. If it isn't your particular troublemaker, your skin remains clear. If it is, your skin flares up into a swelling called a wheal. This is a small, controlled, allergic response.

Now let's say he discovers your worst enemies. He then treats you with a hair of the dog that bit you. That is, his next step is to inject tiny doses of your worst enemy into your skin. Gradually he increases the amount until you can tolerate quite large amounts. Preseasonal treatment is important.

If your hay fever habitually comes in September, begin your treatments in the spring.

■ Ragweed is the worst enemy of hay-fever sufferers. But blossoming trees are also guilty. Among those that do about 10 per cent of the damage in all hay-fever cases are beech, birch, ash, oak, elm, and hickory.

Along in June, timothy, redtop grass, plantain, and others begin to flower and their pollens irritate mucous membranes to the amount of about 30 per cent. The major attack comes later in the summer, with the ragweed and its cousins, which alone affect some 60 per cent, including those who already had hay fever earlier.

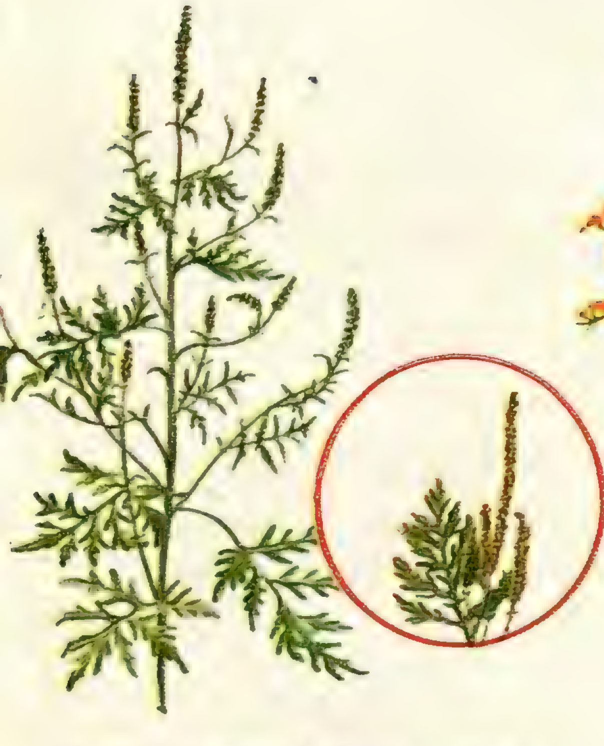
Often blamed, the goldenrod is seldom responsible for hay fever. The South and Midwest have their molds, smuts, and rusts, and in the Plains states thistle, saltbush, and chenopod do the same unrelenting work as the eastern air-borne pollens. The Far West is attacked by sagebrush, cottonwood, the artemisias, and the amaranths.

Anybody who is given to hay fever has to be on the lookout for strong substances like camphor, cleaning fluids, and chemicals of that nature. You must also watch your food during hay-fever season and not eat too much or eat anything that has ever bothered you.

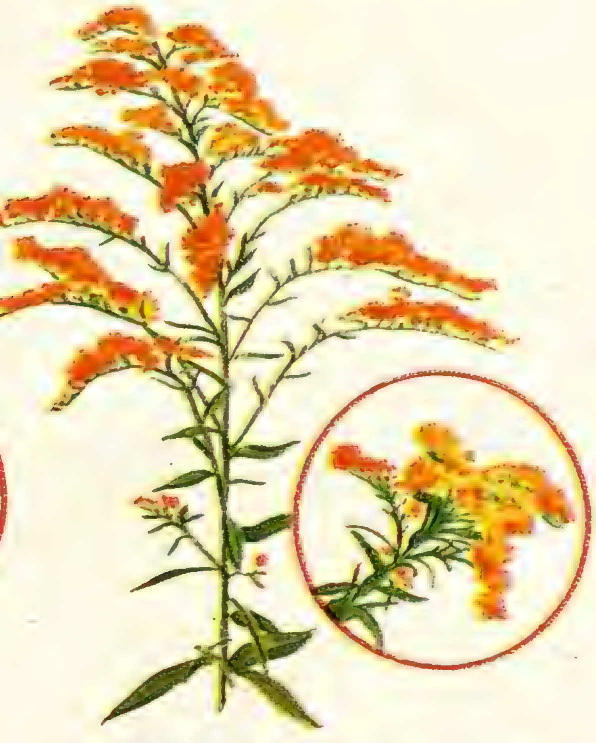
An artist who usually spent his summers in the country went reluctantly to New York on a commission that lasted through August, and had no attacks of hay fever for the first time in ten years. He's a good example of the principle that the best way to get rid of that spoilsport, summer hay fever, is to leave the area of irritating pollens. If you have to stay at home all summer and it's a bad area for you, perhaps you can install an air filter in your bedroom. Air conditioning is still better.

If you can get away for a holiday, choose your worst time and choose a place that is relatively pollen-free. Your doctor will tell you where the safest places are in your general area.

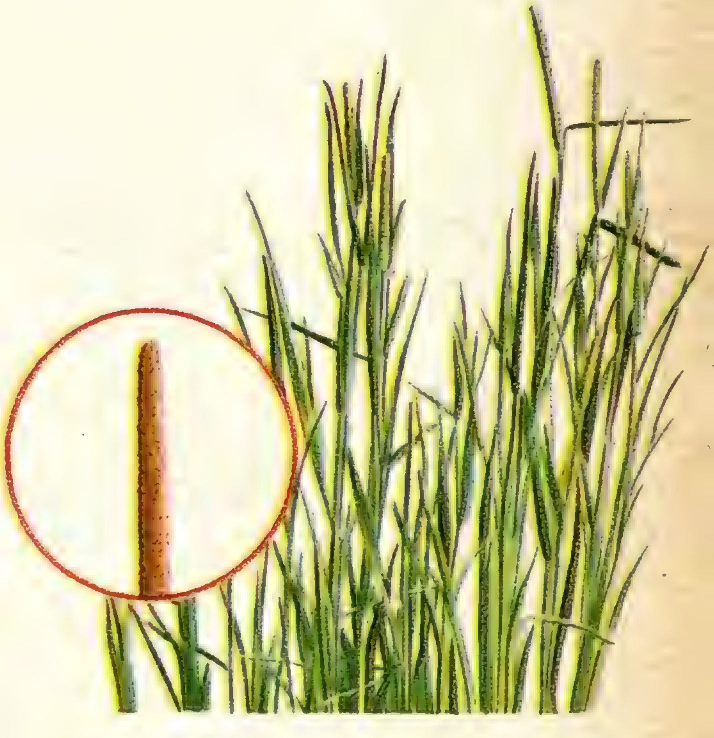
With all these ifs, ands, and buts, there is hope for the treatment of hay fever. There is hope in the further development of the antihistamic drugs that have already taken much of the nightmare out of hay fever. With your doctor's help, you can learn to deal with your own brand of hay fever, and you may end up like the man who has a psychological attack of hay fever only when his mother-in-law comes for a long visit. ■■



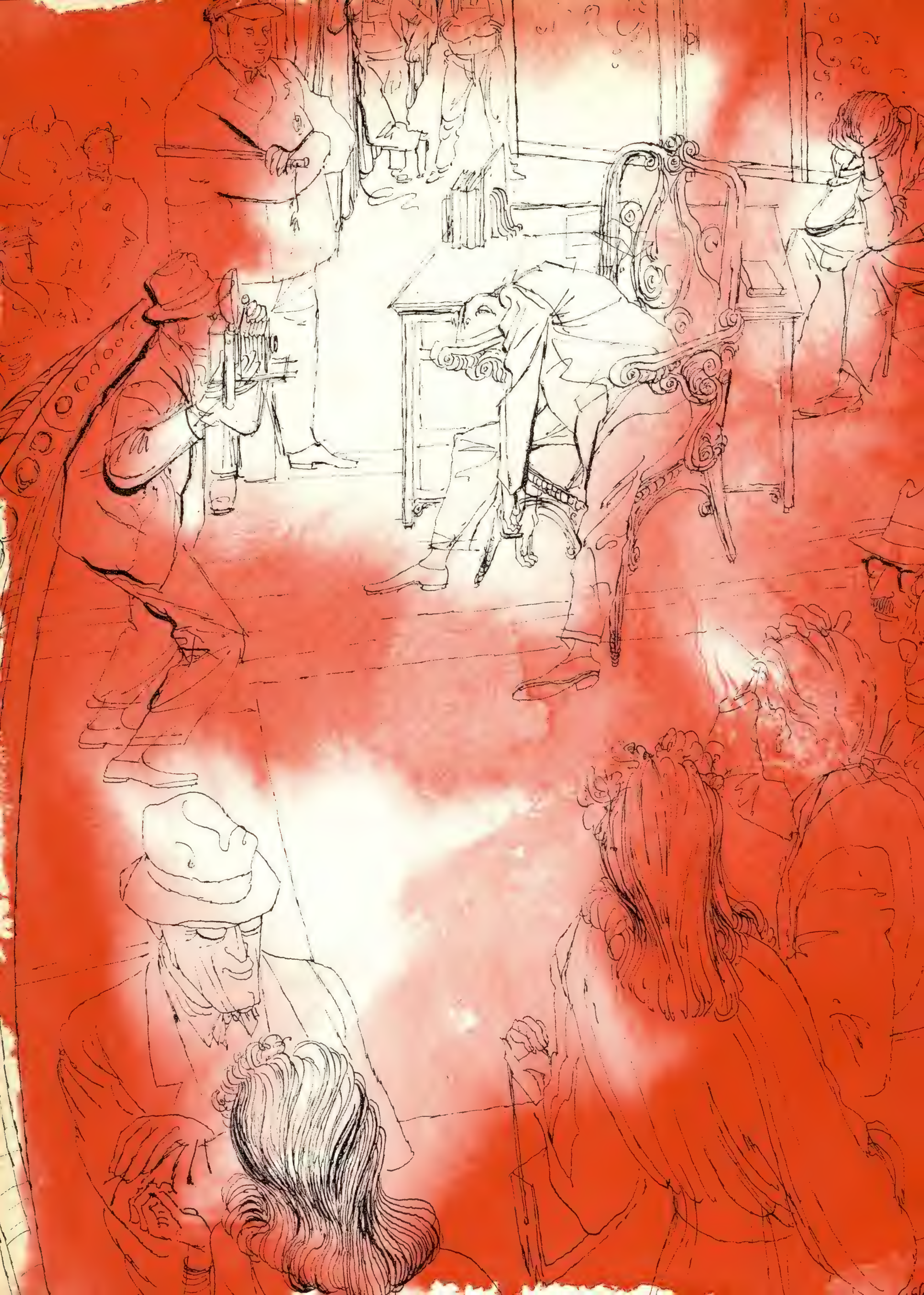
Dwarf ragweed. Better pluck it before it spreads pollen.



Goldenrod, often blamed but seldom a reason for sneezes.



Timothy grass, common cause of much summer hay fever.



THE WAY I KILLED HIM

by Oscar Schisgall

Beginning a tense tale of life behind the footlights, and death one night—with more than eight hundred witnesses **reading time 23 minutes**

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

■ The night of the murder I got into my dressing room early and started putting on make-up before eight o'clock. That was why I didn't see Howard Reed when he came into the theater. The fact that he was drunk—so drunk that Lynn, his wife, had to support him when he walked in the stage door—wasn't surprising. It had happened before. It shouldn't have alarmed anybody. Pick up any history of the stage and you'll find there have been quite a few actors like Howard Reed who could give flawless performances when they were drunk.

There's no denying our play, Witchcraft, was a hit. We'd been running on Broadway for five months. At first most of us used to worry ourselves sick whenever Howard reeled into the theater half an hour before curtain time, smelling of Scotch or bourbon. Mark Seller, the producer, would hurry down from his office and tear at his gray hair. And then he'd yell to Charlie Dixon, Reed's understudy.

Larry Vaughn, who wrote the show and usually hung around the wings like a harried ghost, saw nothing but disaster in these moments. He'd groan, "Why didn't I stay in the navy, where men know *when* to get drunk?"

The only two who never seemed at all worried were Lynn Reed and Charlie Dixon.

Lynn would look at her husband with calm contempt. She was his leading lady as well as his wife. And Lynn would say in the deep, quiet voice that never hid her disdain, "He'll be all right. Just send out for some black coffee. He'll go on."

As for Charlie Dixon, the understudy, he probably saw every one of the star's binges as an opportunity.

"I'll be ready!" he'd say to Mark Seller, and it sounded like a prayer.

Invariably, however, Howard scuttled Charlie Dixon's hopes. Howard would growl at everybody backstage, "What the hell's the matter with you dopes? I won't ruin your show. Just help me dress."

Half an hour later he'd go on with one of those superbly smooth, villainous performances that made every audience hold its breath.

■ I was dusting the last touches of gray over my temples this Saturday night when Virginia Rocklin stepped into the dressing room.

"Don't get up, George," she said. "I'll stay just long enough to have a smoke and ask a favor."

Virginia did the publicity for Mark Seller's plays. She sat down now, crossed her beautiful long legs, and reached for one of my cigarettes. As she lit it she glanced over at me with amused gray eyes.

"We ought to get your picture taken in that Japanese kimono," she said. "It might make the Sunday papers. 'George Wyatt wearing the souvenir he brought home from the occupation of Japan.' What do you think?"

"Terrific," I said. "The publicity stunt of the year."

She shook back the blonde hair that hung to her shoulders and settled down more comfortably. "Come to think of it, I didn't do so badly by you in last Sunday's Trib. You had a by-line. And a wonderful headline."

" 'I Commit Murder Eight Times a Week,' " I quoted.

She had ghost-written the piece. It hung on the fact that six evenings and two matinees every week I shot Howard Reed to death in the third-act climax of Witchcraft. I shot him as he sat at his desk; then I crossed the stage to the telephone, called for the police to come and get me, and stood grimly waiting as the curtain came down.

Twice during the play's run, however, something had gone wrong with the mechanism of the .22 we used. There was no shot; just a click. The first time it happened, I squeezed the trigger again and again, with panic rising in me. And still no shot.

Reed saved the situation. Lunging around the desk to grapple with me, he seized the gun, pulled me into a violent wrestling bout. And as we fought he whispered, "Swing against the desk! Pick up the paper knife and *stab* me!" So I did. Two months later, we used the same strategy.

In the Tribune article Virginia had made the incident the basis of a tribute to Howard's resourcefulness.

I never knew what there was about Virginia Rocklin that disturbed me. It couldn't have been anything in her appearance. She was one of the best-looking girls I knew—tall, slim, completely poised.

Maybe it was her poise that bothered me. Heaven knows why these cool intelligent women always give me a feeling of frustration.

I said, "What's this favor you came to ask?"

She smiled. "I want to know if you can give me every afternoon next week, except, of course, matinee days."

"What on earth for?"

"To run out to the St. Albans Naval Hospital. Some of the boys—wounded vets, but they get around—are putting on a couple of one-act plays. They've been rehearsing on their own, but they need a final week of professional polishing."

"It just happens," I said, "I'm *(Continued on page 53)*

There's millions in his madness

by Irving Wallace

Madman Muntz loves a quiet swim at home.

He greets his guests from behind bars.

■ In two respects, the ride of Madman Muntz one day last winter resembled the famous trek of Lady Godiva: the event had been advertised in advance, and he rode a horse.

Mounted on a white steed, the lady was clad only in her birthday suit. Muntz bestrode a mangy nag and was resplendent in a Napoleonic hat and a suit of red flannel underwear decorated with the phrase, *E pluribus Muntz.*

Muntz traversed busy Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles; Godiva rode furtively through Coventry's deserted streets. Her motive was altruistic. But the stunt of Madman Muntz was strictly from business—screwball publicity, designed not to lift a heavy tax burden from the good burghers, but to extract money from their pockets in exchange for the used motorcars of the Madman.

At the end of her ordeal, Lady Godiva dived into her boudoir and slammed the door. Madman Muntz wound up at a huge ballroom party picketed by a second horse wearing a placard proclaiming, "Madman Muntz Unfair to Horses." Among those present were 24 press agents.

In the days when it was more difficult to buy cars than to sell them, Muntz gave a large party at his home and invited movie and radio stars. When they returned to their limousines and station wagons after the party, they found he had painted a big sign on each car informing the owner how much cash he would pay for it.

Madman Muntz has spent a fortune trying to make people believe he is crazy. At the same time he has become a celebrities' celebrity and has been taken up by the Hollywood movie and radio elite, who wine and dine him, tell zany stories about him, and buy cars from him.

Muntz is actually a soft-spoken conservative man of 35 with nothing of the side-show barker about him. He reminds one of a typical Middle-Western business man.

■ Earl William Muntz was born and reared in Elgin, Illinois. He quit high school when he was 15 to help in his father's radio repair shop. Young Earl soon tired of tinkering with obstinate radio sets. He got the speed-bug fever, and to learn about engines he took work in a garage as a grease monkey.

By 1937 he had his own garage and an agency for Chrysler and Plymouth automobiles. Then Muntz started to build his own midget racing cars. He spent so much time in building and racing the "Muntz Specials" that his business went on the rocks. His next venture was a pin-ball and slot-machine route, but when it reached a paying basis, Chicago racketeers squeezed him out. That was when he moved to California.

It was 1941 and he was 28 and had just about enough money to rent a parking lot in Glendale, California, and buy six ancient cars. Everybody hurried past his lot—except the landlord. That gentleman reluctantly agreed to take a seven-year-old Packard in lieu of the next rent.

Then General Chiang Kai-shek came to his rescue, at least indirectly. Muntz was preparing to close up after Pearl Harbor, when a man arranged to park 13 new automobiles on his lot. The cars had been stopped en route to the Orient because military supplies had a higher priority. One was a Lincoln limousine for the generalissimo. Newspapers ran pictures of it, and the crowds came to have a look at it. Some lingered to buy used cars, and Muntz was soon able to pay his rent.

The drawing power of the Chinese general's car taught Muntz the value of publicity. He put what money he had into advertising. But nothing startling happened until one day in 1943 when he met Michael Shore, a 25-year-old New Yorker. Shore wrote songs as a hobby and worked as a Hollywood night-club press agent. He agreed to publicize the Muntz used-car market. Muntz told him to "Go ahead and shoot the works!"

Shore was elated. He didn't know that his latest client's capital was less than five dollars.

Shore started by saturating the air waves with spot recordings day and night—using 120 of them daily over 13 major radio stations. He devised a special irritation technique, pitched it to compel close audience attention by means of unrhythmic, off-balance original lyrics. The name of Muntz was hammered home by the ceaseless spelling of it. With the name firmly established, the "madness" theme became the campaign slant. In the second series, Shore perpetrated murderous parodies of well-known classics. Regardless of which Los Angeles radio station was tuned in, the Madman Muntz ditties leaped out at the listeners. The effect was attention-compelling.

Shore used outdoor advertising simultaneously on 176 billboards. Posters showed the Madman in a Napoleon pose, wearing a Napoleonic hat, spurred boots, and red flannel underwear—a figure adopted for his trade-mark. One of the first posters announced, "I wanna give 'em away—but Mrs. Muntz won't let me. SHE'S CRAZY!" At

Madman Muntz has made a fortune trying to make people think he's crazy—a shrewd tactic that has built one of the world's biggest used-car businesses

reading time 8 minutes

the bottom of the poster he boasted, "Outselling every other automobile dealer in America."

Such bragging brought a reprimand from the Better Business Bureau and a request for facts substantiating the claim. The Kelly Kar Company in Los Angeles had long claimed the title, "The world's largest used car dealer," and up to 1943 that claim had not been disproved.

Madman Muntz dipped into Motor Vehicle Department records, came up with the sales of a record-breaking month—$867,000 gross—to vindicate himself. Muntz cashed in on the ensuing publicity. The Bureau then notified Muntz that sales figures should cover a year, and not be based on a month's business.

Michael Shore doesn't miss any bets when it comes to getting free publicity for his client. He believes that *all* publicity is good. Even when the OPA fined the Madman $100, Shore did not hesitate to air the news.

The screwball campaign sold so many cars in the first two months that Madman Muntz purchased a large corner building from Charles S. Howard, pioneer Buick dealer and owner of Sea Biscuit.

Some say that he has made $2,500,000 during the last four years. On the other hand, there are wags around Hollywood and Vine who claim he is putting up a big front on other people's money. Nevertheless, he has a luxurious office, paneled in redwood and complete with indirect lighting, air conditioning, clothes closet, shower, red leather furnishings, and a fully stocked bar.

Muntz's present used-car sales are less than in former years, when he was selling 750 to 1,000 cars each month. He claims that during his peak months he held down his profits to $25 a car. This seemingly small margin still adds up to at least $18,750 in a month.

"Maybe my campaign is crazy," Muntz chuckled, "maybe the radio drove them nuts; but look how many cars I was selling. After I moved into Los Angeles, I was doing so much business that in the confusion one man bought a car on my Glendale lot, and drove it down to Los Angeles, where he sold it back to me, personally, at a profit of $100 for himself. I had a good laugh. The next day I looked up the fellow and offered him a big salary to work for me."

When Muntz moved to the Los Angeles Automobile Row, the first thing he did was to erect a sign in front of his building renaming Figueroa Street *Muntz Boulevard,* using it also on his advertising. This drew icy stares from his sedate rivals.

Old-timers along the Row looked upon Muntz as a war phenomenon and predicted that he would fade from the automobile business. Instead, he expanded by entering the new-car field in a big way, taking on the distribution of the Kaiser-Frazer line for southern California and the City of New York. He contracted for 10 per cent of their output.

In California he has 60 agencies, and in New York City he has 71 dealers. Muntz divides his time between California and New York. He has a penthouse in New York City, and a swank home in fashionable Hollywood Hills.

When Muntz announced his connection with Kaiser-Frazer, he put salesmen to work making telephone calls to all sections of southern California. When the called person answered, the salesman would say, "Oh, I'm so very sorry. If you had said 'Madman Muntz' instead of 'Hello,' you would have received a brand-new Kaiser-Frazer automobile free. Better luck next time."

Word of Madman Muntz's desire to give away new Kaiser-Frazer automobiles quickly spread. For weeks, every time a telephone rang anywhere in the Los Angeles area the person answering would omit the customary "Hello" and shriek "Madman Muntz!" With all the publicity about Muntz wanting to "give" his cars away, there is nothing on record to show that he ever gave *anything* away. Madman Muntz isn't crazy that way.

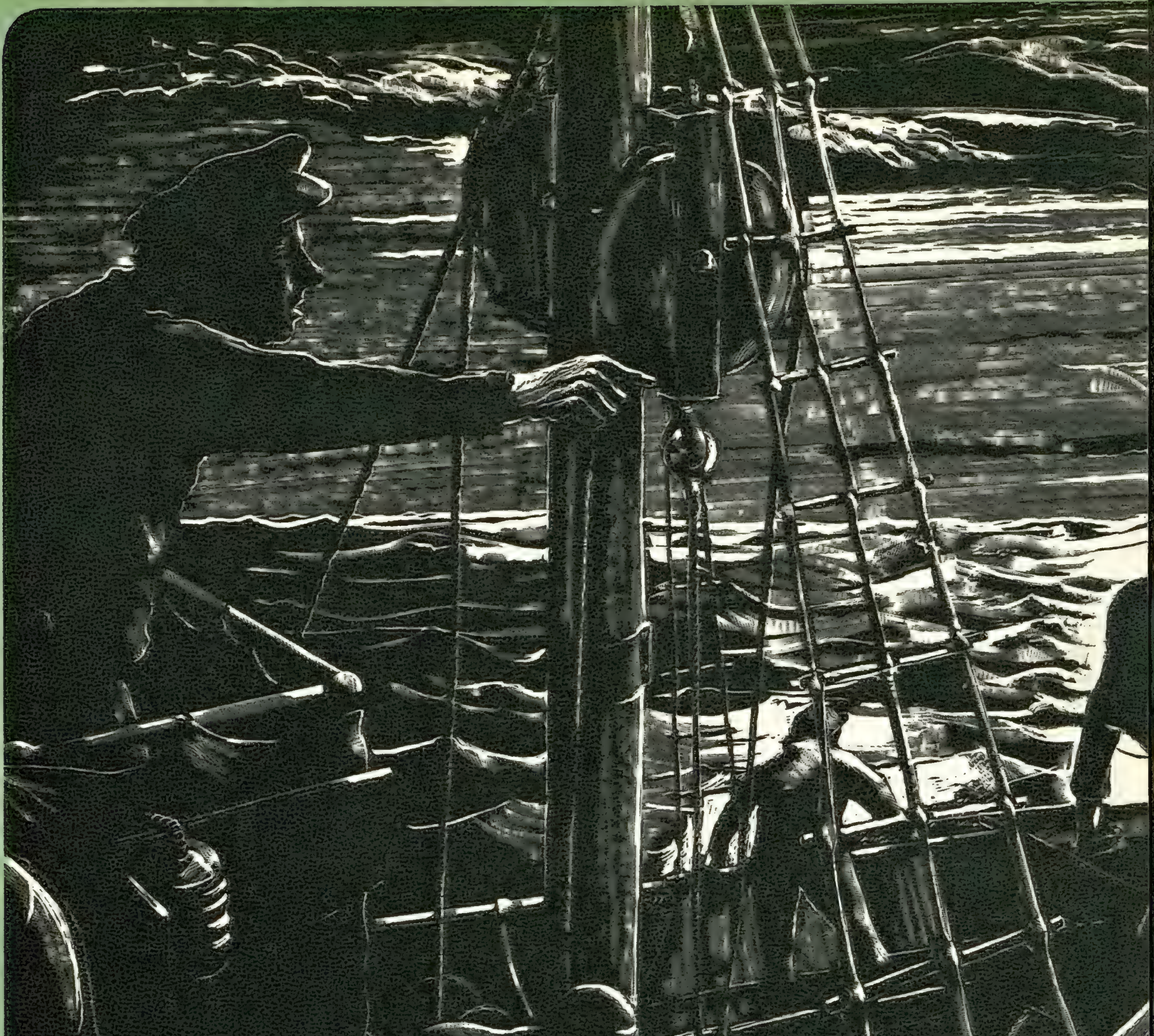
In 1945, Mrs. Muntz, a former Illinois schoolteacher, divorced Muntz. She blamed Shore's crazy ideas for changing her home-loving husband into a zany nightclub character. Recently, Muntz married film starlet Diane Garrett ten days after their first meeting.

Planning against the day when car business falls off, Muntz is branching out into other fields. He has designed and is manufacturing a sectional-type house that is inexpensive and can be erected in eight hours. The long rumored invasion of the motion-picture industry by the Madman became a reality when he recently purchased Norma Talmadge's old studio. Production work has already started. "I'm going to make the best pictures in Hollywood," Muntz boasted, "even if I have to star in them myself." ■■

Anything for a gag. Here he shoots craps.

MADMAN
MUNTZ

Starlet Diane Garrett is now Mrs. Muntz.



WHALER'S JONAH

by George Armin Shaftel

Modern whaling demands a stout heart and a skilled hand. Could a rookie gunner meet the dangerous test—with a girl on his mind?

reading time 20 minutes

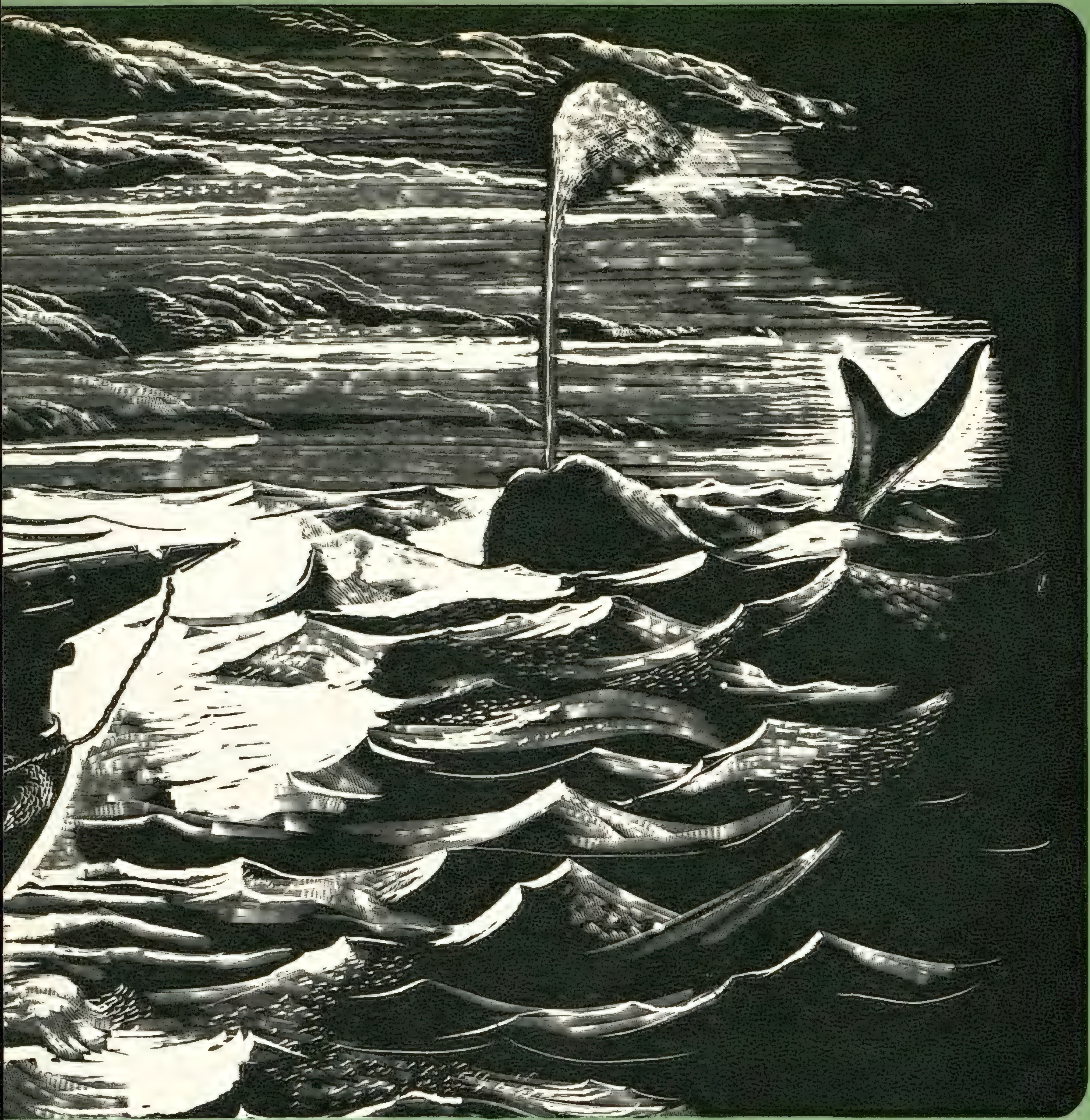
■ In Jimmy Braggioti's youthful stride was a bit of swagger that masked the conflicting hope and despair within him. When he glimpsed the whale being hauled up onto the whaling station's ramp, his heart started pounding. Remembering his rebuffs at Rose Harbor, he set his jaw rigidly.

Jimmy Braggioti was not tall, but there was a wiry, enduring strength in his sinewy body. He had curly black hair, dark eyes alive with humor and feeling, firm lips, and a high-arched nose. His hands were fisherman's hands, strong and calloused and deft. He was twenty-three, and in the buttonhole of his faded navy windbreaker was a discharge button.

He walked up to the whalery superintendent.

"Mr. Fryssen, can you use a gunner?"

"Like I could a gold mine. Where'll I find one?"



ADOLF D. ALDRICH

"I want a job as a gunner. I'm just back from a seven-month trip to the Antarctic on a Norwegian factory ship, sir. The Hektoria. I know how to figure powder charges and trajectory. I know a sei from a finner, I know a sperm from a humpback. I know how to handle a boat when you got a big blue fighting on the end of a line. I know all the treaty rules. You—"

"How many whales've you killed?"

Here it was again. All Jimmy could say in truth was a frustrated "None, sir. But I *know* I can take whales!"

"I've got two boats operating, Braggioti. I've got two Norsky gunners. I had to use political pull to get them into this country, and I had to guarantee to pay them the international scale, plus bonuses. Even then, I got 'em only because I was willing to pay their passage here to California. They go around with their noses in the air, like my boats stink. So why do I hire them? Because there are no American gunners!"

"You operators don't make sense!" Jimmy lashed out in his bitterness. "You're desperate for gunners—but if you won't give a man a chance, how in blazes is he going to learn?"

His answer was a helpless shrug.

■ Jimmy peered out the window as his bus followed the road south along the rim of Monterey Bay, into sight of the long piers.

The Roma II was not tied up near the Diesel fuel dock, so Jimmy guessed that old Pete Viello had her out netting squid for the Oriental market.

Jimmy looked at his watch as he got off the bus. Almost five o'clock. He reached the

(Continued on page 59)

A high mogul of beauty tel you why that famous combination – beautiful but dumb – can no longer win the Miss America title

The author practices the beauty judge's fine art on a showgirl.

Betty Myerson has beauty and a college diplo

How to judge a beauty contest

reading time 4 minutes

by Earl Wilson

■ I'd heard so often that the Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City was fixed, that I was happy to accept an invitation to serve as one of the 11 judges at last year's Miss America Pageant. At last I was going to get the inside story on all the "fixing."

From judging this and other contests, I've learned that the famous combination—beautiful but dumb—doesn't win the Miss America title. Talent is what counts nowadays.

Now about this "fixing." Before I even left New York for Atlantic City, I heard that the contest was in the bag for Miss New York City, a pretty ex-Diamond Horseshoe showgirl named Raven Malone.

Raven Malone was endowed with a beautiful figure and had higher voltage sex appeal than the other girls. However, she was weak on talent, and finished eighth.

At Atlantic City I found the girls smarting a little under the careful chaperoning that few had ever experienced.

Dates? Out of the question for a whole week. Smoking? Not permitted for a week. Cocktails? Don't *mention* them! Men weren't allowed in their rooms for a minute.

One bright flaming fact that stood out when it was all over, and that will be a clue to the 1948 selections too, is this: Beauty as it is known in the great American beauty parlor is not necessary to win the Miss America title.

Helen Fraser, Barbizon School of Modeling director and a top beauty judge, says: "Naturalness, poise, and a well-groomed appearance are qualities I look for."

Barbara Jo Walker won in '47, although she had never seen the inside of a beauty parlor. To the pageant there also came skinny, bony-necked Elaine Campbell.

She looked all right in the bare-midriff bathing suit (practically any girl of that age does), but she was no traffic-stopper. As Miss Minnesota she was, however, entitled to her chance.

It came when she walked out there in her evening gown, threw back her head and sang. Out came golden music.

The thin little girl made the hall ring with her beautiful voice, and, with an ease that seemed to shock her, little Elaine won the preliminary trial in the talent contest.

The judges were required to vote 1/4 for talent, 1/4 for beauty in a bathing suit, 1/4 for beauty in an evening gown, and 1/4 for personality.

On Saturday night came the finals. I noticed that one by one the girls with the beautiful bodies and the beautiful faces but who had not much else to offer, had fallen by the way. Finally there were two left.

One was Miss America, and beside her, as runner-up, was the thin girl with the golden voice.

Here are a few facts and tips to girls who may want to enter the pageant:

1. You don't have to be beautiful—pretty is enough—but you do need some talent.
2. You must be a high-school graduate, 18 to 28.
3. You may be either amateur or professional.
4. You must never have been married.
5. Your talent may include singing, dancing, roller skating, painting, piano-playing, and so on.
6. Try to broaden your smile and improve your vocabulary.
7. Warn your boosters against trying to bring pressure.
8. Beg your mother, in particular, to keep her opinions of the pageant and the other girls to herself.
9. Clothes are important, but the girl with the most expensive wardrobe seldom wins.
10. The judges seem to prefer simplicity to ultra-sophistication.

We know that one girl among the hundreds is going to find herself nationally famous at about 11 o'clock one Saturday night in September. That girl will receive, free, an education that few girls can afford.

Miss America '47, Barbara Jo Walker, who is now Mrs. John Vernon Hummell, is studying for a master's degree and taking voice lessons, at the expense of the pageant.

Miss America '46, Miss Marilyn Buferd, is studying modeling and French in Paris with the help of her scholarships, hoping to further a movie career.

All in all, $75,000 in scholarships will be awarded.

One final word to contestants: You needn't be afraid of any wolfing by the men judges. The pageant committee insists that they be chaperoned too—by their wives. ■■

iss America of 1945 was Miss Myerson (center).

Barbara Jo Walker, 1947 winner, now seeks an M.A.

END OF SUMMER

by Ernest Lehman

GILBERT DARLING

Few wives would dare handle the Other Woman as Lottie did – yet hers is perhaps the safest approach

reading time 7 minutes

■ When darkness crept in over the harbor so terribly early each night and blue-white diamonds sparkled in the blackness above the dunes, Lottie knew that it was October and time to give the Cape back to the natives; time to return to the city and face the complexities of living satisfactorily with Henry.

Her hands knitted almost by themselves now, but the low, insistent laughter of her husband and the Sanderson woman kept intruding from across the room, where they sat on the flowered sofa playing gin rummy and sipping incessant Cuba libres.

She looked up at the sudden explosion of excitement. Henry had gone gin and was holding the woman's bare arm.

"I'm murdering you, Gertie. You mind?"

His eyes had a hard, bright look.

The red-haired woman returned his gaze boldly as she gathered together the cards. "I like it," she murmured. "Do it again."

Lottie began to feel the slow, familiar sadness creeping up on her. It was eight thirty and the night was dying. In a few days she'd be returning to Boston with Henry. She could not put off any longer what had to be done.

The Sanderson woman had gotten up from the sofa, flattening her bare midriff as she smoothed the green cotton skirt over her hips. "Now you sit there, Henry," she said loudly. "I'll get 'em this time. I'm going to see if I can't get that character to make with the rum so's we can taste it. Or do I mean feel it?"

She walked with small, careful steps toward the little bar in the next room.

Lottie waited, allowing her husband's gaze to follow the woman to the doorway, and then she spoke to him:

"Would you like to go into town to the movies, Henry? We still have time to make the late show."

He swung around with a start, as though he had forgotten she was in the room, but his face quickly lost expression. "What's playing?"

"High Destiny," Lottie replied. "They say it's rather good."

His face came alive. "But didn't we—? Why, certainly, we saw that back in Boston last spring."

Lottie shook her head. "You must have seen it without me," she said evenly.

Henry stared at her blankly, waiting, saying nothing.

She was aware of a foghorn groaning somewhere out in the channel and the Sanderson woman's voice softly cajoling the Negro boy behind the bar in the next room.

"Would you mind if I went alone?" she asked.

When Henry finally spoke, the words sounded muffled. "Well, if you really want to—"

She got up quickly without looking at him. "I'll go call a cab."

"If that's what you want to do—" He shuffled the cards nervously.

The Sanderson woman came back into the room holding a glass carefully in her left hand while she sipped from the one in her right.

"That's my boy, that Warren," she sang out, passing Lottie. "These are positively poisonous."

Lottie walked into the small pine-paneled room and managed a smile for the lad in the white coat behind the bar as she picked up the phone and asked the operator for the number.

"Summer is over, isn't it, Warren?"

The Negro nodded gravely. "Soon as you and Mr. Gerson and Miss Sanderson leave, guess they'll just close up this beach house."

His eyes were heavy. He'd be dozing off again almost before she left the room.

"Hello, Al?" Lottie said. "This is Mrs. Gerson, out at the beach house, Pilgrim Inn." She spoke rather more loudly than was necessary, because suddenly there was silence in the next room. "Can you take me into town to the theater? You'd have to come right out, though. It's almost quarter to nine."

Al said that he'd be there in a few minutes.

"And you'll pick me up afterward, won't you—around eleven thirty?"

Al said that he would.

She returned to the sitting room, to the chintz-covered chair beside the fireplace. Henry and the woman were concentrating too intently on the cards.

"He's calling for me," Lottie said, sitting down.

"Swell," Henry said. "It's your pick, Gertie."

"I think I'll need the pink coat," Lottie said. "Would you mind, Henry? It's upstairs on the bed."

The floors of the beach house were thin and Lottie could hear Henry's heavy footsteps upstairs. They had a lovely double room with a fine view of the harbor, and it had been so peaceful up there while Mrs. Lowrance used the room next to theirs as a storeroom. It was only after she cleared the storeroom out, just before Labor Day, to accommodate the Sanderson woman that Henry had become tense and irritable. You could always hear the woman humming, or taking a shower, and sometimes you couldn't help smelling the heavily perfumed toilet water she used, right through the connecting door.

Lottie watched her sitting there on the sofa with her brown legs crossed provocatively as she ran a comb with crackling strokes through her long red hair. And Lottie thought of all the others, so much like this one in their glittering female cheapness. She remembered the blonde cashier at Schrafft's, and the little nightclub singer—what *was* her name? Yvonne Chalet—or Corbet?—and the stenographer in Paul Bowker's office—the little fool hadn't even known Henry was married. And of course that young hoyden with the summer theater group at Bar Harbor. What a dreadful mistake Lottie had made with *her*.

■ But that was the only way you could ever learn, by trial and error. You had to make the mistakes before you knew how to compromise. She had boldly stepped in and dragged Henry away from the actress, only to reap a winter of misery and despair as a consequence. That was before she had discovered the unfailing certainty of the pattern: the rising crescendo of his restlessness, and then, afterward, the quick guilt and remorse and the long, blessed periods when he wanted only to forget. It was so much more secure to accept him that way, the only way, than to fight reality and try to live with a man who would hate her for what he thought he had missed.

She glanced toward the doorway as he came back into the room with the coat over his arm. In the firelight he looked almost youthful and handsome again. She hoped the Sanderson woman appreciated Henry.

"Here you are, dear," he said.

She stood up and turned her shoulders to him, but he just handed her the coat and moved to the sofa, his eyes flickering over the freshly combed red hair as he sat down. "Sorry, Gertie."

Lottie struggled into the coat as she heard Al's station wagon crunching up the driveway and two short toots of his horn.

"He's here," Henry said to the cards. "Enjoy yourself, Lottie."

"Don't get up," she said.

Outside, the headlights of Al's station wagon cut feeble beams through the thick, cloying fog. She pulled the coat closed at the neck as she walked down the gravel path. She would chatter with Al all the way into town, listening eagerly to his embellished versions of the latest town gossip, because it was harder to think while you were listening. And when she got to the theater, she would try to lose herself completely in the story on the screen.

It was not a pleasant picture, nor a very good one. She had seen it back in Boston in the spring. But that did not matter. She did not mind seeing a picture over again. Sometimes it was more comforting that way. Sometimes you could stand anything, no matter how bad it seemed to be, as long as you knew how it was going to come out in the end. ■■

Henry Fonda at a screening of Fort Apache, his latest film, sees himself as others see him.

JOE HEPPNER

Tall, dark, and homespun

by Ted Shane

Henry Fonda, now the brightest star on Broadway, is upsetting the Main Stem's idea of a headliner with his humility and farmer hours

reading time 7 minutes

■ You might call Henry Fonda a man with a retractible personality. He tells interviewers, "I'm sorry I'm such a colorless character. There's no story in me."

Yet, despite his turtlelike desire to retreat from personal glory, Fonda has 40 picture credits that rank with Hollywood's best, and is at the moment giving up a life of ease on his Brentwood, California, estate, to wow them in Mister Roberts, Broadway's current No. 1 war hit. This at considerable sacrifice, too, for Fonda commands about $150,000 a picture; can do as many a year as he wishes, while averaging about two months of actual work on each film. On Broadway he does eight shows a week for a mere 10 per cent of the gate, or about $3,000 a week.

Long a fanatic on the subject of John O'Hara's Appointment in Samarra, Fonda flew east last fall to get his old friend and agent, Leland Hayward, to produce it as a play, with Joshua Logan directing. Now, it happened that Logan had just finished turning Thomas Heggen's book, Mister Roberts, into a play, with the author's assistance.

"Josh read me the play," says Fonda, "and I laughed and cried. When he asked me if I'd like to play Mr. Roberts, I never looked back. I called Hollywood and asked if I could be sprung from the rat race."

The play was an instantaneous smash, with Fonda getting the critical accolade unanimously. Fonda has turned over his share of the play's ownership to his children, and already the angels (Leland Hayward is chief owner) have turned down a million-dollar movie offer for Mister Roberts. Instead, next June the entire company will sail on its own cargo boat to the Caribbean, where Josh Logan will direct the movie version and Hayward will release it. A second company will do the show in New York.

There are those who have called Mr. Fonda a hermit who dislikes to talk and is suspicious of, if not actually hostile to, the press. Years ago a gushy fan writer burst into his Hollywood dressing room and blithely began throwing questions anent his romantic life. (He's been twice married—first to Margaret Sullavan.) Now, this is the last thing you'd dare ask Mr. Fonda about, and the last thing he'd answer. After getting some sort of shocked reply, the writer went off and wrote The Love Life of Henry Fonda by Henry Fonda.

Fonda, a family man with a wife and three children, recalls: "Gosh, to say I was embarrassed about that story, which was based on the lady's ripe imagination, would be a mild understatement. When I thought of what my family and friends would say when they read it, I wanted to get lost in a dark corner."

Mr. Fonda clapped down on interviews for seven years.

As for Fonda's alleged unwillingness to talk much, this writer found him far from silent. He spoke at length about organic farming, deep-sea fishing, a great hobby of his; and of his war career with much self-minimizing. Only when he spoke of acting, however, did he stick his neck out of his shell and talk about himself.

Henry Fonda made his first hit in a play called The Farmer Takes a Wife. Hollywood sought him out and, because of his lanky appearance and stoop-shouldered nervous mannerism, promptly typed him as a farmer. That he came from Nebraska also helped.

"Actually I've played only three farmers in my thirteen years in pictures," he recounts indignantly. "I've done everything else from being a busboy to a millionaire screwball in silk pajamas."

As further evidence that he is no confirmed hayseed, Fonda might add his characterization as Mister Roberts, hailed by Broadway critics as so natural it's hard to tell if Mr. Fonda is acting or just being his quiet, capable self. In this role Fonda plays a good egg of a naval lieutenant who longs for action while serving on a naval supply ship.

Not that there isn't rural blood in Fonda. He was born in the small city of Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905. His mother was Herberta Jaynes Fonda, and his father William Brace Fonda, a commercial printer. He is of Dutch-Italian ancestry.

It was the summer vacation after Henry's second year at Minnesota, and he was earning college money working at odd jobs, when a friend of his mother got him in the Omaha Community Players. The theatrical bug bit Fonda so hard he quit college and went to work with the Retail Credit Corporation for $18 a week. Nights he painted scenery and ushered at the Community Players.

Fonda stayed with the Community Players for three years, working his way up to $100 a month. In 1928 he took the $100 he'd saved and went to New York. Typically, he arrived in June, just as the theaters were closing for the summer. A kindly manager took pity on the naïve Nebraskan, told him the facts of theatrical life, and advised him to try a summer stock company on Cape Cod. "I owe my break to poor train service," Henry claims.

It seems there was only one train a day out of Dennis, Massachusetts, and Fonda missed it trying to see the Dennis Little Theater company's director. So he stayed overnight at a boardinghouse and next morning at breakfast found himself flanking such dream people as Peggy Wood and Minor Watson. "I was so excited I couldn't eat," he recalls. "When they invited me over to watch a rehearsal, I jumped at the chance. The director must have taken pity, because he suggested I stick around. In a couple of weeks I was playing the boy in The Barker."

Later that summer Fonda joined the University Players at Falmouth. In the group were Kent Smith, Mildred Natwick, Barbara O'Neill, Myron McCormick, a young actress named Margaret Sullavan, a gangling young Princetonian called Jimmy Stewart, and two lads with directorial ambitions: Bretaigne (Windy) Windust and Josh Logan. Fonda stayed with the group five years.

Fonda was sweating it out with the Mount Kisco (New York) Summer Players, when Day Tuttle the director tapped him for the part of the soft-spoken young tutor in Molnar's The Swan. Geoffrey Kerr, husband of June Walker, was playing the lead, and June dropped in one night to see the show.

She was to open that fall in Marc Connelly's new play, The Farmer Takes a Wife, and she knew Connelly was looking for a farmer. So she sent Fonda to see Connelly. Behind that well-groomed exterior of Fonda, she felt she saw the eternal cornhusker.

■ The Farmer Takes a Wife opened in New York in October, 1934, and ran for 13 weeks, Fonda getting nice notices as the canal boater who yearned to be a farmer. Inevitably Hollywood called, and characteristically Fonda avoided the siren's plea. His agent, Leland Hayward, finally prevailed on him to fly to Hollywood at Walter Wanger's expense. That was in 1935.

Fonda's first picture, made from The Farmer Takes a Wife, skyrocketed him to film success.

Except for his brief early marriage to Margaret Sullavan, Fonda's Hollywood romantic life is unrecorded. In 1936 Fonda traveled to England to make Wings of the Morning. While there he met Frances Seymour Brokaw, former wife of one of the social Brokaws. A few months later they were married. There have been two Fondas born since: Jane, ten, and Peter, seven. Frances de Villiers Brokaw is Fonda's 16-year-old stepdaughter.

When the war came, Fonda enlisted as an apprentice seaman. He asked for destroyer duty, but wound up as a Naval Air Combat Intelligence officer. His war service won him the President's Citation and the Bronze Star.

Oldest and best friend of Fonda is Jimmy Stewart. When they're together there are ear-splitting Fonda-Stewart duets, Stewart favoring the piano and accordion; Fonda batting it out on a trumpet. They have teamed their acting and musical talents but once: in United Artists' On Our Merry Way, which was first issued as A Miracle Can Happen.

Fonda smokes ten cigarettes a day, likes to hoist a few beers, and never eats lunch. Claims it's a monastic habit he picked up in the lean and hungry Broadway days. He likes to mix up a quart of milk, two scoops of vanilla cream, two eggs, and a shredded biscuit for breakfast, and indulge in Dagwoodian debauches before retiring. Yet he can't gain weight, fighting to keep it up around 170. He's six feet one and very strong. Of money he has all he needs; owns a theater in Westwood, California, and an interest in Southwest Airlines.

Despite Fonda's rise to fame, he epitomizes the old saying that you can take a boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of a boy. ■■

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

by Bernadine Kreis

A tender story of love's young dream never grown old

reading time 7 minutes

■ It was a conspicuous table, and she was aware of the eyes watching them. "Tonight I felt guilty, going off alone," she said. "I think the family was disappointed."

"It's our anniversary," he said.

"But this is a milestone, Jim. Maybe we should've—"

He shook his head. "We came here the night of our wedding, and we've come every anniversary since. You can't give me one good reason why this year should be any different."

She smiled, because he had that way of easing uncomfortable moments with a few simple words. "You know how I feel, Jim. It was just my conscience talking."

"Where was your conscience the night we skipped out of our wedding reception?"

"A bride and groom can do anything!"

"Once a year we *are* a bride and groom."

Their hands met across the table and she felt all the tensions of guilt drop away. "Jim, did you like the briefcase? The children helped me select it."

"Nice. Very nice," he said. "Like the pearls?"

"Nice. Very nice," she said.

His eyes held her glance and, as always, sweet, secret laughter sprang between them. "There's a small square box in your jacket pocket," she said. "For me, I presume?"

"And a box wrapped in shiny gold paper in your purse," he said. "Let's open them now!"

"At a ringside table in a crowded dining room?" She gave a shocked lift to her eyebrow. "As it is, people are staring."

"You're lovely in white," he said. "How could they help but stare?"

"That's not the reason, and you know it!"

Fleetingly her eyes traveled through the crowded room. She saw the moving figures, but her mind was lost in the past, caressing each memory as it came to life, so that the people were like shadows at the moment. And she ate little, though she pretended interest in the food. "Wonderful steak," she said.

"Sure is." He leaned toward her. "Mary, you've never been sorry, have you?"

"You were awfully poor," she said, remembering.

"That's why I wanted to marry a rich girl."

"You married a very rich girl, all right. You went through the motions of a big, elaborate wedding. You even pretended to accept a job in my father's business."

"Selling bathtubs—"

"Don't sneer. There's nothing wrong in selling bathtubs!"

"I was always afraid someone would ask for a demonstration."

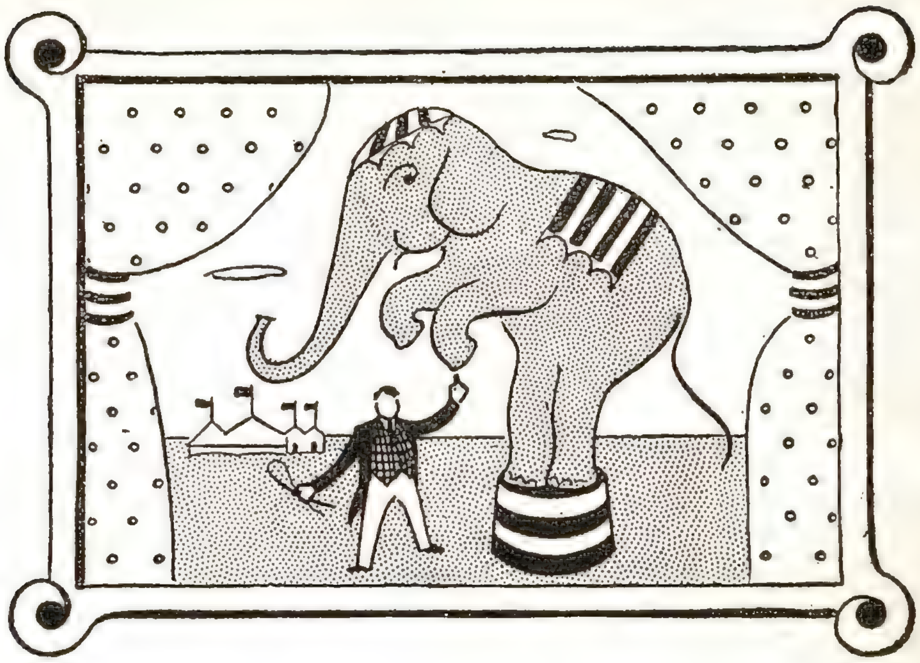
"My father—"

"Your father was ready to plan every neat little inch of our lives. Even our honeymoon."

"What honeymoon? As soon as the wedding was over you said, 'That's that, Mary. Now we're on our own!' "

Jim threw back his head and chuckled in the abandoned way he had. "No sense showing my hand before the wedding. Might've lost you."

(Continued on page 64)



Gus the Great

by Thomas W. Duncan

a Liberty book condensation . . . reading time — one evening

■ Elephants had been buried on that land, and back in the glorious days on this country road you saw men in sweaters and caps leading the living elephants for their exercise in the sunshine of a spring morning. That pasture had once trembled beneath the hoofs of a hundred horses, and camels had munched hay on that farm. In those flamboyant years a lazy hippopotamus had grunted in the Animal House, and if you walked those hills at night you heard lions roaring drowsily as they dreamed.

But that was over now. On the south slope of the hill the farm slept in the yellow autumn. The buildings marked "Paint Shop" and "Blacksmith Shop" and "Baggage Stock" stood silent in decay. Beneath the gable of the barn a sign, which the weather had nearly erased, said: Home of Burgoyne & Pawpacker's Great 3-Ring Circus.

Southeast past the farm the valley ran; and once, along the base of the hill between the road and the farm, the stubby electric engine of an interurban line had clanged, dragging coal gondolas. But no longer. Northwest, at the head of the valley, a few shanties huddled near the slag heaps of an abandoned coal mine. In the early 1900's a man named Oxenford had owned the mine and the farm and the railroad spur which so foolishly had been constructed from the main line of Tamarack & Northern, some miles away.

One bright October afternoon a fat man came toiling along the interurban embankment a mile down the valley.

Despite the autumnal warmth, the man wore an overcoat. It was a disintegrating garment, tinged in the sun with a faintly greenish patina. Sere grass and bits of leaves clung to its back, as if it had been not only worn but slept in. A single button latched it over his great belly, but the buttonhole was so frayed that the coat kept coming unfastened, revealing old tweeds in black-and-gray check.

But something about him hinted he would be able to deal with children jeering or dogs barking that a beggar was coming to town. His mouth had a certain brutal strength, and his

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eyes, although guarded, were fine and large and wise. His hair was white.

He kept always to the embankment, following it up the slow grades and through the cuts. The tall bleached grasses and thickets served the purposes of any man who wished to move unseen through the countryside. As the farm came nearer, the brambles thinned. The roadbed ridged a creek and bisected a dirt road. Burgoyne stopped, standing as motionless as the tattered milkweed in the ditches. And yet not quite motionless. His eyes moved. At last he started on. The roadbed took him close to the low barn.

To his right, the wreckage of lost years climbed the hill in the staring sun. A high band wagon was canted precariously; a monkey wagon lay upside down. In the paddock east of the low Ring Stock barn he beheld the wooden horses. He stared, as men stare at the familiar and strange faces of the dead.

The wooden horses had been born first in his brain; in that curiously expansive and shrewd and showy brain. They were slightly larger than a merry-go-round team, and with their sleigh they were mounted on a flat parade carriage.

He felt tired suddenly, and almost old. He shouldn't have looked at the sleigh. It brought back too much. He turned away and started for the house.

It stood far back from the road in a yard that weeds had conquered, a two-story dwelling with a long kitchen wing. In the rich sunshine of midafternoon its white paint had a soft yellowish hue, and it looked as drowsy as an owl waiting for darkness. Everything was quiet. But it was a brooding quiet that filled him with uneasiness.

He crossed to the gate. He squeaked it open and followed the path around to the kitchen porch. But when he reached the steps he came to an abrupt standstill, for a man was standing just inside the open kitchen door.

He was a small man, very old, and although the door commanded a view of the steps, he gave no indication that any snapshots were flashing along his optic nerves. He had, however, the air of listening sharply. At last in a low voice he said:

"Eloise?"

Burgoyne did not respond.

The old man was moving now, his rubber-tipped cane guiding him across the sill.

Burgoyne turned, moving on tiptoe, and retraced his steps. His heart was pounding. The gate squeaked as he pushed it open, but he didn't look behind. He retreated to the low barn. At the west entrance he stopped, and stood scowling, asking himself why Ive Pawpacker was here, why Eloise Sebastian was here. If strangers had been living at the farm it wouldn't have been good, but it wouldn't have been so bad, either. But Pawpacker. And Eloise. He hoped they would go to bed early and never hear somebody moving in the dark house.

He turned, moved into the low barn. Rungs ascended the wall to a loft above the stalls, and Burgoyne stared up at the aperture. He dreaded physical effort—his belly was like a large globe of the world, getting in his way—but up there he would be out of sight. He began climbing.

The loft smelled of hay that had been sweet once. He lay back on it, stretching his toes, closing his eyes. He would wait here till nightfall. There would be a moon at eleven, but before that he would slip into the house and get what he wanted and be gone. Presently he dozed, and in his dreams he wore a prosperous suit and entered the Mirror Room of the Brown Palace Hotel with a vivid girl on his arm. They ordered cocktails and inch-thick steaks with the juice seared inside.

■ On December twenty-seventh, 1919, a Western Union boy brought a yellow envelope to the theater and asked for Sebastian and Orika. It had been sent from Chicago. From Gus Burgoyne in Hotel Sherman. He would be pleased to see them at 10 A.M. next day.

"Think of it!" Ned Sebastian exclaimed. "A telegram! He could have phoned. But he's no piker! He sent a telegram!"

They took a cab to the Sherman. They could have traveled by common carrier, but that would be, Ned said, wrong. They should meet Mr. Burgoyne in an aura of prosperity.

Ned strode confidently to the desk and asked the number of Mr. Burgoyne's room. And when he returned to his wife and daughter he grinned and said:

"Nothing cheap about him. He's got a suite!"

In the elevator they felt breathless.

"Ned," Lily breathed, "I'm scared."

"Why, kid, you've just got stage fright. An old trouper like you! Remember—he sent us a wire. Asked us to come. He's heard great things about our act."

Deep breaths then. Bracing themselves. And Ned rapping.

The door opened wide and there he was—big, hearty, energetic; and it was like having the sun come up broad and red and jolly.

"Well, look who's here!" he exclaimed. "Hello, troupers! Come in, come in! Take off your things. Hello, little girl. What's your name?"

"It's Eloise, Mr. Burgoyne," she said in that young voice whose inflections were like a parody of the vaudeville voices she had soaked up during so many performances.

"Well, well. Pretty name. And how old are you, Eloise?"

"I'll be seven in April."

Eloise smiled up at him; she thought him enormous, ageless. He had turned thirty-nine not long before, and his weight had pushed well above two hundred. But he had a frame to carry it. The bright tan skin of his face showed scarcely a line. He wore a maroon dressing gown tied round his girth.

"Mind if I finish breakfast, folks?" He sat down at a table laid for one, poured more coffee from a silver pot. "I overslept. My wife's been up for hours and out buying me broke." He chuckled and went to work on the bacon and eggs, the oatmeal and toast. While he ate, he talked.

"This was my little girl," he said, bringing out his wallet and handing Eloise a snapshot. "Her name was Barbara, but we lost her."

■ Eloise studied the picture. Mr. Burgoyne and a woman stood on either side of the baby in the carriage, but what interested Eloise most was the elephant with its trunk on the carriage handle. She wanted to ask Mr. Burgoyne more about the elephant, but she decided she'd better not.

"Oh, she was—a beautiful little thing. It was bad for Flora when we lost her. Flora's never been the same. That's why we like to get away from Tamarack at Christmas time. You know—other people have children and decorated trees. So we come to Chicago or some place. I always have business to do, anyway."

He slid the snapshot back into his wallet and bit the tip from a fat cigar. Blew out a cloud of smoke.

"You know," he said, "we were here on Christmas Day, and I caught your act that evening." He pursed his lips and stared at the cigar end. "And I liked it. Yes, sir, you folks are all right. Of course the act would have to be changed if we produced it under the canvas. You understand that."

Oh, certainly, of course, of course. The Sebastians—Sebastian and Orika—understood that. (But changed—how?)

"What I have in mind for you folks is aerial work. How about it—do you have cool heads for heights?"

Ned shrugged easily. "That wouldn't worry us."

"Good." He stood up, paced about the room, looking like a fat friar in that dressing gown. He stopped at a radiator, perched a foot on it, waved his cigar and talked while he gazed through the window. "You know, I'm always thinking of the future. Building my show—building my show! I'll tell you folks something—Burgoyne & Pawpacker's is going to be the biggest in the business. It's the best already. I do a lot of dreaming. Just a dreamer—that's me. But look at that—where did all that come from?"

He waved a paw at the window pane, at the skyscrapers rooted by an inland sea and soaring cloudward.

He turned from the window, puffed a minute on his cigar. "Me, I started with nothing, you might say. All an idea in my head, all a dream. The circus. Nothing but a wagon show to begin with. And look at us now." And then he smiled. And said in a low, confidential tone, "I like you kids. You've got the stuff. But you've been wasting your time. You tie up with me and you'll be stars. You'll never regret joining out with Burgoyne & Pawpacker!"

■ So one morning in March the Sebastians alighted from a day coach at the Union Station in Tamarack. It was a day of racing clouds and of railroad smoke and dust blown along the station platform. Mr. Burgoyne had promised to meet them, but he was nowhere among the crowd.

"He'll be along," Ned said. "Let's go inside and wait."

Lily was a small young woman with dainty features and an almost birdlike manner. You would never have guessed that she earned her living as an acrobat unless you had scrutinized her hands. Although small, they were as strong as a day laborer's, the wrists muscled and palms thickly calloused. When she and Ned were performing, their safety often depended upon the strength in their hands.

Eloise was already nearly as tall as her mother. She sat erect on the red varnished bench, her skirt primly below her crossed knees, her gray-green eyes on the lookout for Mr. Burgoyne.

Her attention was attracted by a man who stood out from the rest of the crowd, not because he was physically large, for he was smaller than average, but because of his unusual appearance and of the distinction with which he carried himself. He was a man in his fifties, with a short trimmed beard that was bright cinnamon-colored and gray. His nose was a thin straight knife. His dark eyes surveyed the station and then with head erect and walking stick tapping the floor he paced to a door marked "Station Master."

"Well, we might as well eat," Ned said; but at that moment a foghorn voice filled the station:

"Sebastian and Orika. Paging Sebastian and Orika."

Ned hurried off. Eloise observed the bearded man stepping forward and shaking hands with her father. They chatted a few moments before walking toward Eloise and her mother.

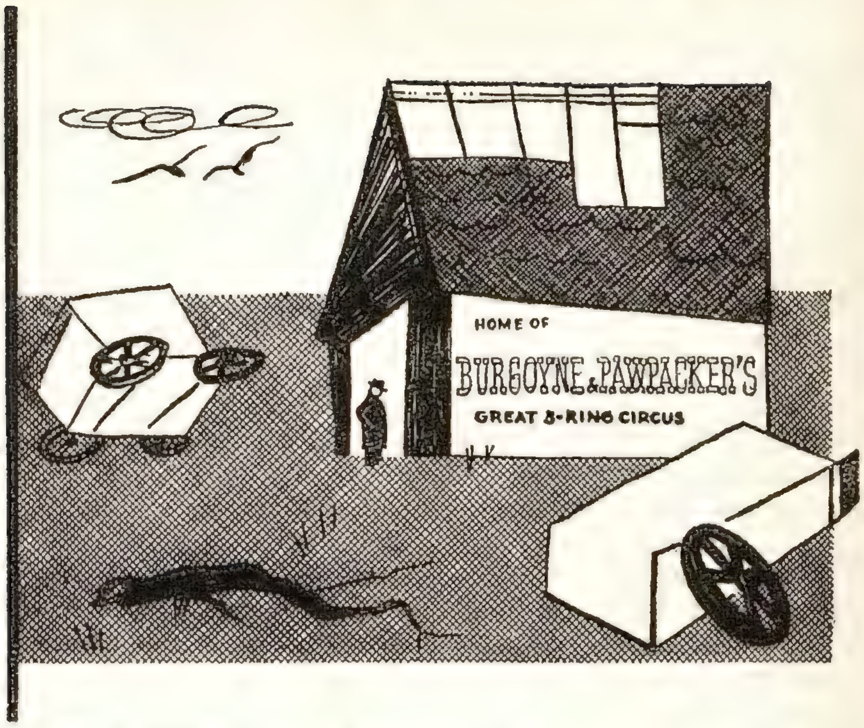
"Lily, this is Ivan Pawpacker. Mr. Burgoyne's partner. And this is Eloise."

He took Eloise's hand, his eyes twinkling, and he bowed slightly from the waist, like an Old World count.

"And are you part of the act, young lady?"

"They won't let me." Eloise grinned. "They think I'm too young."

Between the mustache and beard his lips quirked, and his eyes were full of humor.



"Aren't parents ridiculous people!" he murmured, and Eloise laughed. After that there was always a subtle bond between them.

"We didn't expect you, Mr. Pawpacker," Lily was saying.

"Oh, well—you know how Gus is." Mr. Pawpacker smiled indulgently, as if he were speaking of a mischievous urchin. "He's so full of energy and enthusiasm that he gets all tangled up with himself. I tell him he's never quite as busy as he thinks he is. I happened to be in Tamarack on other business and he phoned my hotel from the farm. He asked me to come. I'm afraid my welcome isn't as—well—overwhelming as his would have been. He always makes people feel they've been greeted by a brass band." Mr. Pawpacker chuckled softly. "Have you people had breakfast?"

"We were just going to eat," Ned said.

Mr. Pawpacker shepherded them before him into the station restaurant.

"Gus has told me about your act. He thinks it's very good."

The Sebastians murmured and beamed.

"But he has certain changes in mind. He probably talked them over with you. He wants you to concentrate on the steel rings and on trapeze work. And to lift the whole act up into the tent top. You don't mind working heights, do you?"

"We've never done much high work. But I can't see the difference between working eight feet up and thirty feet up. We'll expect our share of falls, but with a net . . ."

"Yes, of course. A net. I'd insist on the net, if I were you. At least till you get the hang of the thing. You know Gus. He'll want to do away with the net as soon as possible so he can bill you as daredevils. Don't let him push you too fast. After all, it's your necks. If you take a stand and need backing, come to me. Of course, Gus thinks I'm Old-Man-Caution himself. I'm really a country banker, you know. Only the Bankers Association thinks I'm a showman and the show people think I'm a banker."

Eloise returned his smile. But she was thinking: "They can't work without a net."

They rode out to the circus farm in the baggage truck driven by the circus carpenter. When they halted before a low building marked "Office," the door opened and a man bustled out. He wore a gray suit with a herringbone weave, and he roared cordially:

"Well! Look who's here. Hello, kids! How are you?"

As Ned Sebastian alighted nimbly, Mr. Burgoyne grabbed his hand and pumped it. After that he wheeled.

"Eloise! And Lily Orika! Beautiful as ever! Say! You folks didn't ride out in the truck!"

They assured him that they had.

"Now I ask you!" he groaned. "Isn't that just like Ive Pawpacker? I told him to hire a car and he sends you in a truck! Always watching the pennies. That's Ive. Watching the pennies!"

A. H. Burgoyne—that was how he signed his name. The initials stood for Augustus Howard. His mother, a maiden lady named Doll Burgoyne, had christened him in honor of two men, either of whom might have been his father. She was a judicious woman, and hence had bestowed second honors upon Howard Clancy, a fireman employed by the Chicago, Tamarack & Pacific Railroad.

By the time he was eighteen, he could have drawn better wages as a printer than as a reporter on the *Tamarack Beacon*. But then he wasn't so much interested in present wages as in advancement. He took to smoking cigars rolled from rich Havana leaf. When he went out with young ladies he liked to rent a dashing rig with matched chestnuts and drive about the city. He bought evening clothes, a top hat. His only economy was his living quarters: when he moved from Clayton Junction to Tamarack he rented a room near the business district and he continued living there.

After six months as a reporter he demanded a salary rise, and another at the end of a year. These were granted, not because his copy was so excellent but because he was a first-rate news gatherer. He was seldom scooped; and every now and then he nosed out a scandalous story that marched across page one like a black-and-white polecat. And if politicians wished to use a fraction of their boodle to buy him suits and boxes of cigars, who was he to injure their feelings by refusal?

When, in June, 1902, the managing editor offered him the city desk, he accepted with gusto. But he sensed great capabilities lying fallow within himself, great energies frittered away in judging news by other men. He wanted to make news himself.

He looked older than twenty-two. He wasn't fat, but his frame had filled out. His eyes were wise and old beyond their years, they had seen so much: fires, arrests, hangings, the deft fingers of gamblers, the cheaply jeweled fingers of madams, stinking jails, smudgy political conventions, the cesspools and ash heaps and sewers of his era.

Then he met a man from Winchester, Missouri, who was a circus-broker. As he sat in the General Grant Hotel, listening to Pawpacker talk offhandedly about zebras and elephants, Gus found himself gripped by tremendous excitement. He remembered now the circus which visited Clayton Junction when he was a boy of ten. Memory flashed that early morning back to him, the cool dew on the board walks, the brilliance of the morning stars; the faint truckling of distant wheels. And, ascending the road from a wooden bridge, wagons with golden wheels and glittering mirrors; wagons scrolled and gaudy, the procession flourishing past.

* * *

Often Gus looked back on the evening he dined with Ivan Pawpacker and met Flora Oxenford as the most significant one of his life. He could never recall just when the idea of marrying Flora occurred to him. He hardly believed it was when they were sitting in Samuel R. Oxenford's library, drinking the coffee and eating the cakes she had brought in. She had entered the room, all bosom and hips in her white shirtwaist and blue skirt, and he did not find her unattractive. Posterity's demand for life brought warmth to her face. Her brown cowlike eyes did not seem stupid; they seemed innocent. And in the gaslight her hair did not shriek its redness; it had overtones of reddish gold and undertones of reddish brown.

She listened with admiration while Gus suggested the scheme to beguile the children of Tamarack into contributing dimes for the purchase of an elephant that would enhance the value of Funland Park, one of the properties her father controlled. She said, "That's wonderful!" and "But how did you ever think of it?" Mr. Oxenford grinned, and Mr. Pawpacker smiled quietly.

"I think Gus is a natural-born showman. If he ever goes into show business he ought to make a killing," he said.

Mr. Oxenford perked up. "Is there money in show business?"

"Do you think I'd be in it if there wasn't?"

Mr. Oxenford's eyes took on that intent, piggy look that always came into them when money-making was discussed.

"We ain't showing a profit on Funland Park."

"You must have a poor manager then. You ought to find somebody like Gus to take it over. Somebody who would make it hum."

When Mr. Pawpacker and Gus stood up, Gus boomed, "It's certainly been nice." He paused at Flora's chair. "And you helped make it perfect, Miss Oxenford! A man gets very, very tired of eating restaurant food. People talk about bachelors' buttons! They ought to have home-cooked meals for bachelors."

Perhaps it was while he slept that night that the thought of marrying Flora took shape in his unconscious. Certainly the thought of marrying him was in Flora's mind, and not her unconscious. She didn't sleep a wink. She lay in bed and planned and schemed and plotted. He mustn't get away. She must do the right things. He mustn't get away. And presently Gus was calling at the home on Wellington Avenue two or three times a week.

* * *

The elephant arrived in May, and on the front page of the *Beacon* this did not go unheralded. Gus wrote the stories himself, casting them in the form of "Molly's Diary." In daily installments she told of her journey in a boxcar from Winchester to Tamarack. She gave her impressions of Tamarack (most favorable) and urged all the boys and girls to be good children and to obey their elders. She was, she said, living quietly and happily in her new home at Funland Park. She would not, however, be receiving guests till the first Monday after the dismissal of school in June, when all the children were invited to the park, admission free, to make her acquaintance.

"What's the idea of keeping her out of sight so long?" Oxenford demanded one evening when Gus was calling on Flora. "Shadwell thinks we ought to show 'er off right away."

Shadwell was park manager, and Gus seized his opportunity.

"I'm afraid he missed on his showmanship when he said that. Don't you see what we're doing by keeping her out of sight? Building up curiosity. Making them want to see her. That's showmanship!"

Mr. Oxenford clawed his whiskers. "I've been thinking. It might be a good thing for the park if you'd take over."

Gus laughed easily.

"It might be good for the park, but how about me? No, I couldn't afford to leave a job like mine to manage Funland."

"Maybe you could. You ain't given the matter enough thought to know whether you could or couldn't."

"No," Gus said, "I wouldn't be interested."

Flora had been sitting placidly, and now she said:

"I've never seen the elephant. Is it big?"

"Not so big. But she's just a baby. She'll grow."

"Do I have to wait till June to see her?"

Gus looked at his watch. "We could see her tonight."

Flora thought that would be wonderful, so they strolled through the garden to a back gate that opened on Jefferson Avenue. Dusk lay there in heavy fragrance, and fireflies swarmed like renegade stars. The path was narrow and sometimes their bodies brushed. It was the most intimate they had been.

On their evenings together Flora never talked much, and what she said was matter-of-fact. He had found that after a few hours in her company an odd bleakness settled on his spirit. He could usually drive out his depression by telling himself he had been keeping company with one of the potentially richest girls in Tamarack. At times he unshackled his imagination and let it run wildly into the future. He saw himself rich and powerful, holding in his big hands the streetcar company, Tamarack & Northern, Funland Park. Yes, and a circus.

At the park gate he stopped to light a cigar and he stood smiling.

"Wonderful! Beautiful! It's like life ought to be."

And quite without warning his throat lumped, just as it had so many years ago when he stood in the roadside weeds and watched a little wagon circus wheeling toward Clayton Junction. He blinked, averted his head, suddenly ashamed.

"What's the matter?" Flora asked. "Something in your eye?"

"Cigar smoke. Got a little cigar smoke in my eyes."

"That's too bad. Do you smoke much?"

He laughed. "Not much more than a steamboat."

"I've heard it isn't healthy," she said. "I've heard it upsets the liver."

"Nothing wrong with my liver."

"That's just what I've heard. That it upsets the liver. Maybe you ought to see a doctor about it. Find out whether it harms your liver."

He wanted to shout, "For God's sake, woman—we're at a park to enjoy ourselves! And we were enjoying ourselves till you started talking about livers. You take care of your liver and I'll take care of mine!"

But you didn't shout things like that at the daughter of Tamarack & Northern.

"Let's go see the bull," he said.

"Bull?"

"Elephant. That's what circus people call elephants."

"That's queer. Why do you suppose they do that?"

"Because it fits them. They're big and slow and powerful like a bull. Romantic name."

"Romantic?" she asked, not in argument, but puzzlement.

He felt like a soaring balloon dragged back to earth.

"And now," Gus said, when they had seen Molly, "let's do the place. How about the merry-go-round?"

The organ with its drums and cymbal filled the warm evening with lively tintinnabulation. Gus tapped a foot, and he drank in the lights and mirrors revolving past. When the merry-go-round halted he took Flora's elbow and hurried her toward it.

She started to enter a sleigh.

"Let's ride horses," he said.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think I should. I don't think it's very modest."

"Modest? Why, all the girls—"

They sat in the sleigh, and as the ride took them round and round, Gus felt like a small boy compelled by a maiden aunt to avoid the spirited wooden horses.

"We'll ride horses next time," he said.

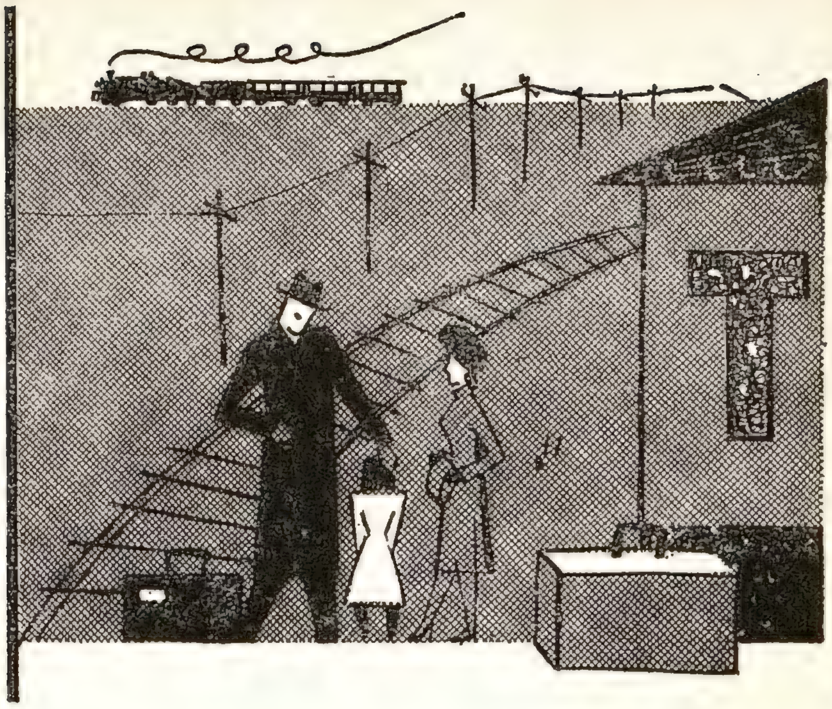
"I don't think Papa—"

"No, your papa wouldn't like it. But you're not here with your papa. You're here with me."

It struck her then that in some puzzling way she had angered him. She said hastily, "Anything you want, Gus."

So at the next pause they left the sleigh. The inside horse which Flora would ride waited with head flung impetuously high, and she approached it as tentatively as if it were a bronc.

"I'll help you on," Gus said.



She would ride sidesaddle, so she backed against it, and Gus inserted his hands into her armpits and gave her a boost. Against his wrists her breasts were momentarily smooth and buxom, and Flora blushed furiously. Gus swung astride the outside horse and they were off, prancing on a gay trip to nowhere.

"Want another ride?" he called through the music.

"I believe I've had enough."

He helped her down, and she blushed again. Gus left the merry-go-round with many a backward glance. On the streetcar he experienced the melancholy which Flora's company was likely to evoke. He made a decision. He would take her into his arms and see if that would help. When they were again in the dark garden, he encircled her corseted waist. Flora was breathing heavily. Gus pulled her against him. His lips fought to her mouth. A long sigh escaped her; she swayed weak and heavy against him. After the kiss she moaned, "Oh, Gus. Oh, Gus." He kissed her again. She pulled away.

"You shouldn't, Gus."

"Why not?"

"People shouldn't kiss unless they're engaged."

So there it was where he could reach for it—Tamarack & Northern, the streetcar company.

"We should kiss," he said.

"Does that mean—"

"We should kiss," he repeated, and before she could pin him down he kissed her again. He did not meet her gaze.

When they kissed at the door, her arms went around his neck.

"Gus," she whispered, "are we in love?"

"Are we?"

"I think . . . I am . . ."

He equivocated. "That's your answer." He disengaged himself.

"Gus. Would you like to manage the park?"

"Maybe. I don't know," he said. "Good night."

He would have to decide soon whether he wanted an engagement. He had not thought the decision would be forced upon him. Maybe she had some of old Oxenford's foxiness, his acquisitiveness. He debated the matter to its bitter conclusion: it was an opportunity he simply couldn't pass by.

■ On the afternoon before Christmas he left the office, hat pulled low, his gift for Flora under his arm. He was going out there to exchange presents with her tonight. He stopped at a store and bought a bag of peanuts.

It was early yet; much too early for his appearance at the Oxenfords'; so he jostled toward the car line to Funland Park. The faces of pretty girls bloomed like flowers. Gus watched them. Their smooth cheeks, their red lips, their white teeth. Voices calling "Merry Christmas" when the car reached a friend's corner. He found himself wishing he were going to marry a pretty girl. For a fleet second he saw himself as an opportunist, a migrant from one class to another, a man who would never know peace, a man who would always want something beyond attainment.

"Merry Christmas," the conductor called as he left the car, and Gus returned the greeting.

A new, small barn had been built for Molly, with a pen outside. Faint light yellowed the window, and when he opened the door he found her keeper dozing in a rocker by the stove.

"Merry Christmas," Gus said.

"Well. Mr. Burgoyne. Merry Christmas to you."

Gus passed on to Molly's stall. His depression began lifting.

"Well, young lady!" he boomed. "Merry Christmas!"

Her trunk coiled toward him, toward the bag of peanuts. His laugh filled the little barn.

"Believe you're growing. Yes, sir. Be a big bull one of these days. Don't like winter, do you? Neither do I. Well, spring will come soon. New season. Lots of people here to see you."

Sometimes she opened her mouth and emitted sounds in a minor key, or said, "Ah-h-h." He scratched her ears and spine. Her hide was rough to his fingers but he liked it. He liked her smell. He liked her ponderosity, her absurd little tail, the way her hide sagged about her hindquarters like a man losing his trousers.

The keeper stood watching, and presently he said:

"She just weaves. All day long. Back and forth. She ought to stop it. It's bad for her front hoofs. Wearing 'em sore."

"Sore?" Gus exclaimed. "Let's see."

"Oh, she won't let you get near 'em!"

"Why, sure she will! What's the trouble, Molly? Huh? What's the trouble? Getting corns? Huh? Sore dogs?"

He leaned, grappled one leg. For a moment it remained rooted like a tree trunk; then she lifted it.

"Well I never!" the keeper said.

"Um-m," Gus murmured clinically. "Yep—they're sore, all right. Worn raw. Why do you want to weave so much, Molly?"

Molly said, "Ah-h-h . . ."

Gus fingered his chin. "She's not weaving now."

"No. We're here now."

"By golly!" Gus exclaimed. "Bet she's lonesome. Sure! You lonesome, old girl?"

Molly extended her trunk for a peanut.

"Wish we could buy another bull," Gus muttered. "Soon as I take over here . . ."

■ That evening Flora herself admitted him at the porte-cochere door, for the servants had been given Christmas Eve off.

"Merry Christmas, honey!" he boomed. And he threw his arms around her in a rough-and-ready hug.

Flora would have enjoyed remaining in his arms all evening with his male odor of cold and cigar smoke. His winter-roughened lips pressed her mouth for only an instant.

"Oh, Gus," she sighed. "Merry Christmas. I wish you didn't have to work tomorrow."

"Have to though," he said, heartily, cheerfully. "You know. People getting killed, Christmas babies being born—"

She flushed dully. She thought it slightly improper for one's fiancé to mention the birth of babies.

In lieu of a Christmas tree she had placed her gifts on a gold-brocaded chair. There were only two packages. She handed one to Gus, and he gave her the one he had brought.

Unwrapping the package, he experienced anticipation; and when he saw it he was touched. It was a squat, lidded thing of hand-painted china. A cigar humidor. And on the bottom painted letters said: "Flora to Gus. Xmas, '03."

"Why, this is wonderful!" he boomed, knowing he would never use it. "How'd you ever think of it?"

"I just don't know," she smiled. "It just came into my head."

She exclaimed in delight over her present: a bottle of imported perfume. She sniffed it like a cow sniffing clover.

"Um-m-m . . . Oh, Gus . . ."

She embraced him, kissed him, nearly overbalanced him.

He pointed to the package remaining on the chair.

"Who gave you that?"

"It's from myself."

"You give yourself a present?"

"Oh, yes. Always."

Probably with Samuel R. Oxenford for a father she too had not believed in Santa Claus. All at once he felt ashamed of himself for being bored in her presence. He experienced sympathy for her, and pity; and he kissed her good night tenderly, almost as if he loved her.

■ Before marriage, Gus had been enticed by the idea of living in the great house on Wellington Avenue, but in practice it disturbed his domestic tranquillity. Mr. Oxenford remained head of the house, and Gus felt like a guest. Mr. Oxenford thought he smoked too many cigars and hired too many hacks. If Gus bought a copy of the *Beacon* instead of waiting to read the copy delivered at the house, Mr. Oxenford pointed out that two pennies had been squandered.

But Gus thought of Funland Park, of how successfully he was operating it this first season. And his thoughts dreamed ahead to next year. Once the season's profits were computed, Mr. Oxenford would be more than glad to back him in the circus venture.

In October of that year, as a result of a quarrel between Mr. Oxenford and his son-in-law, Flora and Gus established a home of their own. They bought furniture at Goldstein's. While Flora wandered about, Gus sought out Isaac Goldstein in his office.

"Want to buy our stuff from you, of course," he said. "But the fact is, I'm a little close run just now, and I'd like to stretch out paying for it."

"Sure, Gus. Sure. You can have unlimited credit, within reason."

The clerk who served them was a girl of twenty-five with a trim figure. At first she was smoothly professional, but presently Gus made her laugh. In discussing price and quality she and Gus found it necessary to smile at each other. And once when Flora bent heavily over a chair to examine the construction, Gus winked at the clerk. Ever so slightly, she winked back.

Next day Gus returned to the furniture department, and late in the afternoon he telephoned Flora that some old newspaper friends were throwing a party which he must attend. If one wanted publicity one must remain on good terms with the press. Flora was disappointed, for this was their first day in the new house, and she had purchased T-bone steaks to broil for her husband's dinner. Nevertheless, she understood. Business came first.

A few weeks later the girl, whose name was Inez, resigned her position and took a flat. Her means of support were not visible, except to Gus.

Despite excursions into the rosy half-world of Inez and her successors, Gus had a certain fondness for his wife. Their occasional quarrels resulted from her sluggish perceptions rather than from any shrewish outcroppings. He was not unkind to her, save for the unkindness of many absences. When, now and then, he kissed her with a certain significance she remembered from honeymoon days, she trembled with delight. She even wished he would kiss her that way oftener. Once she said as much, but he laughed and said they were old married people now, grown beyond that foolishness. She believed anything he told her. She thought his wisdom vast.

■ One morning after the close of Gus's third season at Funland, Frank MacGowan called him from Clayton Junction.

Frank had given nine-year-old Gus Burgoyne a home, and made him printer's devil on the *Clayton Junction Tribune*. But they saw each other seldom now.

"I'd like to see you, Gus. I have a couple of important matters to talk over with you. Could you run out?"

"Be there in an hour."

Clayton Junction! How long since he had visited the place! The railroad yards still puffed and moaned and flung cinders against the windows of what had been Mahoney's Saloon. Now it called itself Finnegan's Bar. And above the saloon—memory stabbed his ribs. Mustn't think about the past. Let it remain buried back there in the nineteenth century—their century. This was the twentieth. His!

Gus thundered into the *Tribune* office.

"You look great!" he bellowed. "Yes, sir!—looking wonderful!"

Frank smiled. His angular face was shaved slick as a whistle; his white hair had been recently trimmed. Possibly even shampooed! No printer's grime in it today.

"All right, Gus," he said. "Grab your chair and hold tight. I was married last night."

"Married! Why, you old devil!" He slapped Frank's shoulders. He pumped his hand.

"As soon as I dispose of the *Tribune* we're moving to California. Do you know a man named Louis Rink? I believe they call him Curly Rink."

"Moving to California!" Gus exclaimed. "Well, I'll be damned. Bet you'll like it out there. . . . Uh—Rink? Sure, I know Curly. He's a county supervisor."

"Is he a crook?"

"Oh, sure, he's a crook," Gus laughed.

"Rink wants to buy the *Tribune*."

"He does? What the hell for? Uh—wait! I get it. He lives in the other end of the county. He probably wants the *Tribune* to build himself up politically in this end. Take my advice and ask him a good whopping price. He'll pay. He's got plenty salted. If he's after control of the county, he'll—"

"Damn him!" Frank said suddenly. "I've owned the *Tribune* for too many years to let it get mixed up in a dogfight with a lot of crooks." His forefinger tamped his pipe. Suddenly he asked:

"Would you like to have the *Tribune*?"

Gus was about to say, "Hell, no! Think I want to spend the rest of my life in Clayton Junction? I've got other plans. Circus!"

But a wild plan flashed through his thoughts.

"Of course I'd like it. I'm sick of Funland. Sure I'd like it. But I don't know what I'd use for money."

"If you want it," Frank said, "you can have it. Free. Or maybe I'd better charge you a dollar. That would make it a legal sale. My lawyer will know about that when we draw up the papers."

■ One fine frosty evening three weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Burgoyne accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacGowan to the railroad station in Clayton Junction. Gus carried Frank's grips. After the two women had been ensconced in the station, the men went outside and stood on the platform.

Frank said, "Keep sending me the *Tribune*. As soon as we have a permanent address I'll let you know. And—oh, damn it, I'm a nosy old man!—but if I were you and Flora, I'd think about children. When you're an older man you'll wish you had a child or two."

A lump came to Gus's throat. "Guess I should have kept in closer touch with you after I left Clayton Junction. But, damn it, I was always so busy—"

Frank touched his arm. "Sure you were, Gus. I understood. . . ."

When Frank read the story in the *Tribune*, announcing the paper's sale to Mr. Louis Rink, the widely known supporter of the full dinnerpail, he drew ink and paper toward him and scratched furiously.

"I'm disappointed in you," Frank wrote. "Bitterly disappointed in you. This instance of barefaced crookedness—"

He broke off writing. He stared out the window. The sunshine of southern California splashed down. At last, with a long breath, he picked up the letter, tore it up, dropped the pieces into the wastebasket.

"Who am I to judge?" he asked himself. "Maybe if I'd been born above a saloon—and had been called bastard—"

He picked up the *Tribune*. He read the story again.

"Poor Gus," he thought.

Tamarack, Iowa
October 28, 1907

Mr. Ivan Pawpacker
Winchester, Missouri
Dear Friend Ive:

I've just finished trying to call you long distance. They tell me you are out of town on a buying trip.

Well, Ive, a lot has happened since our paths crossed last. Maybe you've heard how everything went to hell all at once last summer. Old Sam went smash all at once, and he ended it all by jumping out of his office window. I was out on the road with my show at the time. I hustled back for the funeral. It was a bad time for it to happen—just before the Fourth of July.

Sam was pretty foxy, even at the last. Just before he cashed in his chips he deeded this house to Flora, as well as his coal mine at Oxenford and the farm. He owned those clear, in his own name—they weren't mixed up with any of his companies. Also, it turned out he had carried a life insurance policy for a fairly good amount, so Flora and I aren't in such bad shape.

There's been a hell of a stink here. A lot of people lost their savings, and all the suckers who owned Tamarack Electric & Guarantee have howled their heads off. There have been investigations and God knows what all. Even had me up before the grand jury, but I was absolutely in the clear. I was able to prove that I started Burgoyne's Circus & Hippodrome with my own funds derived from the sale of the *Clayton Junction Tribune.* So I came through it all with a clean slate. The boys at the Commercial Club are pretty mad at Sam, but they're friendly to me. Glad of this, for a circus owner ought to keep his reputation spotless and his credit gilt-edged in his home city. Then if you run into trouble on the road you can always give leading men in your home city as references.

Well, at the end of September, when we closed, I brought the show to that farm near Oxenford. The land doesn't amount to a tinker's damn, but it's going to work out fine for winter quarters. I'm planning more barns, a Blacksmith Shop, a Paint Shop—with a sail loft for repairing canvas—an Animal House, etc. I'm small yet, but I won't always be small.

Well, Ive, give me a ring when you get back to Winchester and I'll run down to see you. I bought a nifty automobile—Cadillac. Man, how she tears up the road! I've had her up to forty! Really need it to go back and forth between Tamarack and the farm. It's good advertising, too. I had them paint Burgoyne's Circus & Hippodrome along the sides.

Sincerely tho' merely,
A. H. (Honest Gus) Burgoyne

P.S. Wife and I are "expecting" next month. Figured I needed a son and heir to carry on the show!

■ News story in the *Tamarack Beacon,* November 12, 1907, under the head, DAUGHTER BORN TO BURGOYNE, CIRCUS MAN.

■ That was a fat season for Burgoyne's Circus & Hippodrome, the first summer of the big money. Gus felt like a hog in a corn crib. Once he left the show for a quick train ride to Winchester, where he bought more animals and equipment.

"I'm glad you're doing well, Gus," Ive Pawpacker said.

It was a sweaty afternoon, and they were sitting in the livery stable office. Ive finished adding a column of neat figures. The pencil finished its work. Burgoyne's Circus & Hippodrome owed Ivan Pawpacker $13,993.27.

"There it is, Gus," Ive said, handing over the bill.

Gus didn't check the addition. He pawed out a thick checkbook and a fat fountain pen.

"Oh, hell," he said, as he started writing. "Let's make it an even fourteen thousand. I hate piddling with odd numbers. Besides, thirteen's unlucky." He ripped out the check and flipped it to Ive's desk as if it were a cigar coupon.

"There you are, Ive. Easy come, easy go." He tipped back, thumped his meaty chest. "I'm doing some building this summer at winter quarters. That farm makes a nice layout."

"Isn't there coal under it?"

Gus nodded. He was about to say, "But it's no damned good. Too much slate." But such talk was defeatist.

"Sure. Some of the richest veins in this country run under that farm."

"Are you working the mine?"

"Matter of fact, I'm not. Too busy raking in the wampum."

And Gus rumbled on about other things, but the fact that rich coal lay beneath the farm stuck in Ive's brain.

In May, when the show was playing Missouri, Ivan visited it for two days. Gus heaped a tremendous welcome on him. Late at night as the train rocked and swayed they sat in the Clayton Junction Pullman drinking Scotch and soda. "To the suckers," Gus chuckled. "To the golden geese and eggs."

They drank.

"Gus," Ive said, "what will you take for half-interest in the show?"

"How much for half-interest? Not that I want to sell, you understand. Never quit when your luck's running strong—that's my motto. Uh—what'll you give me?"

Ive named a good round figure.

"I'll remember you," Gus told him, "if I ever want a partner. Don't know any man I'd rather hook up with. We'd make a million, Ive. A cool million."

"Then why don't we hook up now?"

"You don't want to get messed up with me," Gus said. "Unhappy man like me."

"Unhappy!" Ive smiled. "Gus, you're quite a card."

"Yes, sir, Ive—a man looks back and doesn't like what he sees. Ah love, couldst thou and I with Fate conspire, to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire.... Ever hear that one?"

Ive thought the liquor must be hitting Gus where it hurt.

"Girl read it to me once. Uh—it goes, Would we not shatter it to bits and then... Remold it nearer to the heart's desire.... Beautiful poem. Wouldn't believe it, but an Arab wrote it. Don't know where he learned English."

"A cool million," Ive said.

■ Although early in the season, profits held up fairly well. Gross profits. The net was something else again, because after several seasons of grift, city councils demanded a higher pay-off—official and unofficial—for a license to show. Sheriffs had to be taken care of, too, and chiefs of police, and detectives, and other defenders of law and order.

By August, Gus was heavily worried. He considered rechristening the show next year. Might call it Honest Gus's World Famous Circus. But he didn't want that, because he derived too much pleasure from seeing the name Burgoyne in big fat letters.

Several times that season the show simply had to risk returning to towns where only the year before there had been lively threats of trouble. One such town was Plains City, North Dakota. The circus reached it in early September. And as the unloading went forward, little incidents occurred. Kids threw stones at the horses. They yelled things. Things like "crooks."

Not having a license, the circus didn't parade that day. Late in the morning, Gus sat in a dressing gown, reading his mail. A letter from his wife disturbed him, for it seemed little Barbara had not been feeling so well.

"I've put her to bed," Flora wrote. "Think she'll be all right. If she's not better by tonight I'll call a doctor."

It was as if Samuel R. Oxenford rode again, apprehensive about a doctor's fee. Gus reached for a Western Union pad and scribbled a message to Flora, telling her to send him two wires each day, reporting on Barbara. He tore off the sheet and told his Negro servant to send it from the station.

Wesley put the message on the counter and asked how much. The station agent shoved it back. His lips were tight.

"Can't take it. Wires down."

Wesley belonged to a race that found it wiser not to argue.

But Mr. Burgoyne argued, a few minutes later. How could wires be down, with the sounders clicking?

"Wires down. Can't take it," the agent said.

Last year he had attended the circus. He had presented a twenty-dollar bill at the ticket window. He had been shortchanged and shoved and threatened. That evening when a telegram arrived signed "Flora," he made no attempt to deliver it.

Gus tried to call Flora long distance.

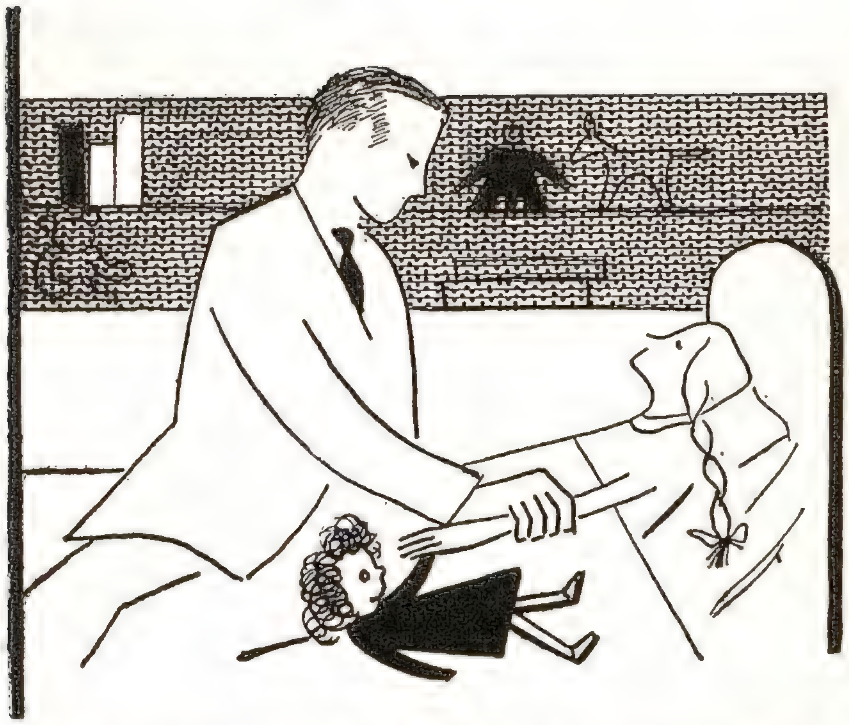
"You'll have to wait," the operator said sourly, after Gus gave her his telephone number in Tamarack. "Them long-distance calls take time."

Twenty minutes. Twenty-five.

"All right," the operator said. "I'll keep on trying. If I get it through I'll send some kid after you."

Burgoyne! Honest Gus! This town knew better. This town remembered last year.

■ The mammoth old bed was shadowy. As his eyes accustomed themselves to the dull light, Gus distinguished Barbara lying there. Her eyes were open and she was faintly smiling. He bent and touched her lips.



"Daddy," she whispered, "you came back, didn't you? I'll get well now."

"Why," Gus boomed suddenly, "course you'll get well. Day or two you'll be up and around." He straightened, gestured. "Ought to have more light in this room. Got a present for Barbara."

"Mr. Burgoyne!" the nurse exclaimed. "I can't permit—"

Gus trundled to the switch and snapped it.

Barbara blinked at this sudden illumination, and Gus was appalled at how pale and thin she looked. His weight bowed down the edge of the bed. He undid the package. He tucked the doll into the curve of her arm, lying flaccid on the sheet, and he bent and kissed her again.

"Daddy," she whispered. "Red dress. Yellow hair." A tiny smile brushed her mouth. "Red and yellow, catch a fellow."

Those were the words he remembered, later, in the library. He was alone, wandering about the room, as if by keeping in motion he could somehow help Barbara.

Two nights later she died. And Gus was a man stumbling through rubble and ruin. Out on the road his circus rambled on, clanking through the fag end of the season. He did not rejoin it.

At last it limped home to winter quarters at Oxenford; and a week after that Gus drove south to Winchester.

"I'm through," he told Ive Pawpacker. "The hell with the show. I'll retire."

"You're too young a man, Gus—"

But words like that didn't reach him. He sat across the desk from Ive in the livery stable office, chewing a dead cigar, his skin pale, his eyes heavy.

So at last, for a good round sum, he sold Burgoyne's Circus & Hippodrome to Ivan Pawpacker. Not the farm at Oxenford, but the cars and the cat animals and the horses and the bulls.

He and Flora were not much help to each other now. The shameful fact was that he dreaded an evening alone with her, she was so lachrymose. Oddly enough, she had grown heavier since Barbara's death, for she had nothing to do and she passed the hours by piecing between meals. She was like a cow grazing out of boredom.

And on some afternoons he drove to the west edge of the city and placed flowers, red and yellow roses, on the mound above Barbara, and stood there, in his own bewildered fashion attempting to puzzle out the ancient enigma.

But he was not one to live negatively forever; and gradually as the months elapsed, he came groping out of gloom.

In Europe, mad people started a war, and an era ended. But Gus did not think of it that way. "Be over by Christmas," he told Flora; and she said, "I don't know, Gus. It might not be over by Christmas."

She had formed the habit of contradicting Gus. It was her way of keeping a conversation going.

■ The birth of Burgoyne & Pawpacker's Great 3-Ring Circus, in 1917, astounded those persons who knew what happened behind scenes in the outdoor show world.

"Pawpacker will regret it," they said.

Everybody had heard how Burgoyne switched equipment when he sold Pawpacker the Gus-show. And Gus was broke, for he had blundered egregiously in constructing an oversized Speedway in Tamarack.

Then one October morning when the land sparkled with hoarfrost, Gus drove to Winchester, he checked in at the hotel, and next morning he called at a certain livery stable.

He was so full of good humor and warmth that the icicles Ivan Pawpacker hurled in his direction melted before they jabbed him. Was he broke? Gus laughed. Did Ive fancy for an instant, he asked, that he would sit in on life's poker game without an extra ace up his sleeve? A black ace. Coal-black.

Ive became curious. And less angry. He recalled how Gus had once told him that some of the richest coal in America was to be found in the mine at Oxenford, and he remembered the sizable check Gus had sent in repayment for the switched equipment.

"Why don't you work it yourself, Gus?"

"Me? Hell, I want to get back into the circus game. We'd make a million, Ive."

Busy as Ive was buying horses for the Allies, he couldn't give Yankee Pawpacker's circus the attention it deserved. His barns in Winchester were crowded. If he acquired the farm near Tamarack, the Yank-show could winter there.

And American factories were working day and night on war orders. That meant coal consumption. And it looked as if the United States might get into the war.

"Why don't you drive back with me and look over the mine?" Gus urged on the third afternoon.

So that was how Gus made his comeback. Yankee Pawpacker's circus became Burgoyne & Pawpacker's Great 3-Ring Circus, and the mine and the farm were deeded to Pawpacker, and the partners agreed that Gus should live at the farm.

■ Steel is a trustworthy metal. You can depend on steel. Usually its molecules cling to one another the way Mr. Oxenford clung to a penny. But on rare occasions steel becomes temperamental, and its molecules quarrel, and it crystallizes. If this happens to a steel ring, high in a tent-top on a summer afternoon, and if you are Ned Sebastian gripping that ring, and if your wife Lily is gripping your ankles, then the results can be disastrous.

Unless, of course, you are working with a net beneath you. But you aren't. Long ago you discarded the net because Mr. Burgoyne believed your turn would thrill the public more without it. You wanted to please Mr. Burgoyne and the public.

Neither of you screamed. Good troupers to the end.

Somebody rushed to the red wagon to interrupt an important conference between Mr. Burgoyne and Mr. Pawpacker. And somebody else found Eloise Sebastian playing with her dolls in the dressing tent.

At noon that day, Ive Pawpacker had arrived unheralded at the circus lot. They had paraded early, and now they were eating in the cookhouse. Gus jumped up and came roaring, hearty paw extended.

"Ive Pawpacker! Well, I'll be damned! Glad to see you, Ive!"

The wave of his arm was gigantic as he gestured that a place should be prepared at table for Mr. Pawpacker. And Ive paced over to the performers table to say hello to those nice kids, Ned Sebastian and Lily Orika. And to Eloise. Always since that morning in the Tamarack Union Station he had liked them, felt almost their sponsor.

Gus blustered over. "All ready, Ive. Food's all ready. Bet you're hungry after your trip."

So Ive told them good-bye. He would talk to them again, he promised, following the afternoon performance. But there are promises no man can keep.

"I want to talk with you privately," Ive told Gus at lunch.

Gus kept finding things to do, but the dreaded hour could not be postponed forever; so when the matinee was well under way he and Ive retired to the red wagon.

"Gus," Ive said, "I don't know why I put up with you. I'm not ordinarily a fool."

"Should say not! You've got a head on your shoulders, Ive. Always have had great respect for you."

"Cut it out," Ive said. "You salted that mine, and you know it."

Gus was about to protest innocence, to accuse Mr. Oxenford of having perpetrated the foul deed; but suddenly he broke out laughing.

"Now wait a minute, Ive. Don't get mad. Maybe I did take you on that deal. But you'll have to admit it was pretty cute."

"Cute! Why you damned crook—!"

"Wait a minute, Ive. Look at it from my shoes. There I was, busted wide open. Had to do something, didn't I? Suppose I did salt the mine. I'm making you money on this show. She's rolling in—rolling in—the good old long green. Why, hell—"

It was then that the conference was interrupted by news of the accident. And it was never resumed.

◆

When Gus saw Eloise he felt all choked up, and he was glad Ive was on the lot to take charge of her. Himself, he was too busy to talk to Ive again till the show was almost loaded. Then, with Eloise, Ive came down to the yards and the trio sat in the Clayton Junction car. And Ive was different from the angry man of the afternoon conference. And so was Gus.

"Eloise and I have been talking," Ive said, "and we've decided she'll be my daughter and go back to Winchester with me."

"Uh—yes," Gus rumbled. "You'll love it there, Eloise."

She had sat red-eyed and silent. Now she began to cry.

"Uh—now wait a minute, honey. Don't cry. Know you feel like it and all that, but don't think I would." She looked up at him. "Uh—I've been through it too, honey. Had a little girl once, myself."

For a moment he looked derelict, fumbling out a cigar, absently biting off the end. Then he pulled himself together and boomed:

"Yes, sir! Winchester's a wonderful place! All kinds of elephants there!"

Eloise sat with her head back against the huge chair, and Gus and Ive talked. From outside you could hear locomotives steaming and the shouts of razorbacks. Presently the train was loaded, and the men stood up. Eloise was fast asleep.

"Kind of a shame to wake her up," Gus said.

But they had to, of course.

Gus accompanied them to the rear platform and down the steps.

"Well, Ive, take care of yourself. And you, Eloise. Be a good girl. See you in the fall."

He watched them trudging away down the long line of cars.

◆

Burgoyne & Pawpacker's Great 3-Ring Circus was playing its second date of the season in the pleasant midwestern town of Millborough.

Standing beside the ticket taker was a large man of about fifty with a great belly and a gross scarlet countenance. He wore a suit checked in gray, a lion's tooth dangling from his watch chain, and a diamond ring sparkled on the little finger of his left hand. His hat was shoved back on his noble head; pouches hung beneath his shrewd gray eyes; and a corpulent cigar traveled from side to side of his grinning mouth. Alex found him so fascinating that he halted, staring.

"That's Gus Burgoyne," the town dentist said. "He spoke to us at Rotary this noon."

"I want to meet him," said Alex Kerry, the artist.

Somewhat timidly, Dr. Massingham approached the man and Alex watched them shaking hands. Then Alex was beckoned.

"Kerry," Gus boomed, "I'm mighty glad to know you. Understand you paint."

"I daub away at it," Alex said.

"Uh—yes. Great thing, painting. Wonderful gift to have."

"Alex is a great genius," Dr. Massingham said. "People will be admiring his paintings a hundred years from now."

"That so? Well now, isn't that wonderful! A hundred years! We need more geniuses. Always have said that. Good for a country! Want you to be my guests in the owner's box. Got a mighty fine performance waiting for you. I was fortunate this season to get the Baron Karl Otto Von Krummer and his wife. Animal people. Hired them right out from under John Ringling's nose." Mr. Burgoyne laughed jovially. "John was pretty mad about that, but he got over it. Nice fellow, John. Couldn't ask for better competition. Uh—think you'll enjoy the Baron. Imported him from—uh—Germany. Famous European impresario. His wife's good, too. Beautiful little piece. Her performing name's Marybelle Monahan, but she's really Swedish—uh—royalty. Blond flame—that's what she is. Absolutely blond flame!"

Despite a show of modesty, Gus was delighted that Alex wished to do his portrait, and he was especially delighted that Molly was to be included on the canvas. For several afternoons they posed in the menagerie top, Gus stalwart by Molly's side. She was so huge now, with such a tough old hide, that it was hard to imagine she had once been a baby elephant in Funland Park.

"I'll finish it in my studio," the artist said, "and send it to you. It'll take me weeks of work."

◆

The circus lost heavily that summer. Ive Pawpacker was beginning to look tired and old. He was having trouble with his eyes—moments of complete blindness—and the St. Louis specialist had not helped him. Gus had his hands full with Ive.

The portrait arrived at winter quarters one morning in January.

"I don't know," Flora said when Gus had uncrated it. "I don't think he's much of an artist. It don't look much like you, Gus. Why did he paint Molly so big?"

The face, taken as a whole, didn't look like the Gus the world saw. The pouched gray eyes harbored a queer mingling of reveries and ruthlessness and bitterness and ambition and regret. Their total effect was sadness, not jovial brotherhood. They looked at variance with the beefy face.

"Uh," Gus scowled, "more you look at it the less it looks like me. Doesn't even look like Molly. Never saw a bull turn its head that way."

The mood of the picture clung to his mind like fog, and he had a notion to destroy it. But he couldn't bring himself to that; so he slid it back into the crate and carried it up into the attic, where it gathered dust.

■ The summer of 1931 was such a bad season that to Gus the losses of the previous year looked almost like profits.

"Never thought I'd see the time," he told himself, "when a good grifter couldn't hustle a living."

But even with Ive Pawpacker announcing that they would close the show forever at the end of the season, economic matters didn't occupy Gus's entire thoughts that summer. There was Marybelle Von Krummer, her sweet face and that queer little smile that promised so much....

Consider:

You are a news editor and you've been giving them the ordinary stuff: Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover, bank failures and love nests, legs and Lindbergh. Then this!

A circus. Color, romance, tinsel, the happy animals, the kind trainers, the roustabouts with hearts of gold: it has appeal.

A baron and a baroness. A baroness who is an animal tamer. Moreover, she's what the more intellectual reporters call pulchritudinous. This Baroness tumbles for A. H. Burgoyne, and he's a colorful figure in his own right. Rags to riches; a true American success. And Burgoyne, it is suspected, yanks the master switch, plunging the tent into darkness while the Baron is in the arena with the big cats. And Burgoyne and the Baroness turn up missing.

In a Corpus Christi hospital the Baron is lying in critical condition; his left arm and right leg must be amputated. And there stands the circus in the rain, flat broke.

In Tamarack Mrs. A. H. Burgoyne is interviewed. She takes it very calmly. "Think there's some mistake," she says. "Don't think Gus would do that."

And Ivan Pawpacker, Burgoyne's partner, rescues the show, paying bills, sending it back to winter quarters, selling off the animals; and on the farm an enterprising reporter and photographer pay the roustabouts to scatter equipment, tipping over a wagon or two, in order to get a last sensational yarn about the sad end of the glamorous circus.

The Baron, when he's convalescing, looks upon the affair with a truly noble attitude: he does not, he says, believe A. H. Burgoyne was responsible for the darkness. He looks awfully mean when he says it.

■ It startled Gus, their first day in San Antonio, when he bought an afternoon paper in a hotel lobby and saw how the press was playing the story. He told himself he should have known they would splash it, for he had been a newspaper man, but when you're so close to a story, one of the principals, you might say, you're not as objective as you might be.

Standing there by the tobacco counter, he felt a good deal like a jungle elephant observed by hunters with rifles. Or like a sleepwalker who awakens in public without his pants. Not an especially pleasant sensation, either way.

First thing he did, upon glimpsing the headlines, was to fumble out his reading glasses, big horn-rimmed things, thinking they would provide a disguise. Then, trying not to look like anything but a traveling salesman, he retreated to a far corner of the lobby and slouched into a heavy chair. He was mighty glad he had possessed the foresight to register as Arthur H. Buckman.

There he was, smudged into newsprint two columns wide; and there was Marybelle, legs and all, in her arena costume, smiling mysteriously; and there was the Baron in the midst of his act, with two big cats snarling at him. In those days wire-photo was a recent thing, and the press associations grabbed any excuse to play with their new toy.

The story began two columns wide, narrowing to a column that ran down the right side of page one and then jumped back among the ads for toothpaste and trusses. It was beautifully done. Nowhere did it come right out and say that A. H. Burgoyne had yanked the master switch and eloped with the Baroness, but the implication was there.

Gus let his glasses slide down his nose, and over the rims he peered at other persons in the lobby. Nobody seemed interested in him. Several had afternoon papers too, but they didn't connect him with that newspaper drama. And it occurred to him that newspaper readers looked upon what they read as semi-fiction, something taking place in a bigger-than-life existence of sugar daddies and state secrets and gangsters, so that office workers would have something with which to while away their straphanging homeward treks. Nobody would expect to encounter this latest sugar daddy, A. H. Burgoyne.

He felt unreal, being such a large mote in the public eye; and he thought how in newspaper offices all over the country desk men had been fitting his name into heads, and printers setting it up, while he and Marybelle made love. And that fact more than anything else made him feel uneasy and debauched.

He reread the story, paying special heed to the paragraphs devoted to the Baron. They were slanting things to rouse public sympathy for him. Yes, Willie Von Krummer was the hero of this scandal, with Marybelle no better than she should be, and A. H. Burgoyne decidedly worse. With that viewpoint Gus couldn't agree. He couldn't believe he had acted like a villain. He had done what he had to in the circumstances.

Soaring in the elevator, he pondered the wisdom of showing the paper to Marybelle. Might upset her. Still, the newsboys would be howling the headlines, and she might grow curious. Best to do the forthright thing.

His countenance was sober as he plodded majestically along the corridor, but when he entered their suite he was jovial. And when he beheld her at the mirror, her delicious coloring and sweet curves the personification of witchery and desire, all his regrets vanished. She was worth it.

"You bought a paper?" her low voice asked.

"You bet I did, snookums. Gave us a great play!"

"Oh-h-h?"

Her brow was smooth, her eyes serene, her lips smiling. She took the paper and seated herself, following the type slowly, lips moving, for in school her grades in reading had been low. He could not deduce how it affected her. When she put down the paper, he exclaimed:

"Well, we kind of busted into print, didn't we?"

"Oh-h, yes." She lifted the paper and stared at her picture. "I wish they had used a different one. I have never liked this picture as well as some of the others."

"Now, now," Gus chuckled. "Don't want to be vain about it."

It sobered her. She looked almost stricken.

"Yes," she murmured, "yes. You are right. I am a vain woman. It is a great sin."

"Don't know as I'd say that. Never saw a woman worth looking at who wasn't a little vain. Kind of a charming trait."

"Oh-h, no. It is very wicked. That is why we must bring forth children in agony."

"Uh—guess you're right, at that," Gus said, for he had no wish to engage in some deep theological discussion. "Uh—just occurs to me, snookums—we'd better move from this hotel."

She gave him that open, inquiring look.

"Uh—well—you see, we might be recognized. Just as well for us to lie low till this blows over. Won't last long. Newspaper scandals never do. Think we might find a quiet roominghouse somewhere. How does that strike you?"

"If that is what you wish."

"Well now, I don't exactly wish it, but think it might be better, everything considered."

"Oh-h, yes. Whatever you decide."

She was as plastic as creamy clay in an artist's fingers.

He rumbled on, telling her what a romantic city San Antonio was, and how happy their life would be there. She listened, but she busied herself, too, going to a suitcase and fetching her scrapbook, along with scissors and paste. And while he extolled San Antonio, she clipped the news story and pasted it into a scrapbook.

Perhaps it was wicked, that scrapbook, for it was a monument to vanity, but she was so far gone in sin it didn't seem to matter; and besides, it helped to work with her hands. She was like a housewife scrubbing the floor to forget worry.

But she didn't forget. When you're at the edge of a fiery pit you don't forget. She had yielded to the sin of elopement to avert the possibility of Willie's murdering them both, and her responsible. But now Willie lay at death's door. If he died it would be her fault. So while Gus boomed on about the Alamo, and she clipped and pasted, smiling and looking so placid, she was frantically beseeching God to save Willie's life, and to show her a way to save her soul.

■ Gus and Marybelle had a fine life in an apartment they found on a little lost street in San Antonio. They slept late and breakfasted lazily, and they attended concerts and the theater. Sometimes, in the Packard in which they had arrived, they drove into the country. The sum Gus had taken from the circus was holding out very well. At depression prices the cost of maintaining what the press would have called a love nest was not excessive. And Marybelle was thrifty. She had never heard the Italian proverb that a woman should be a lady on the street, an economist in the kitchen, and a demimondaine in the bedroom, but she lived in accordance with it.

Money interested her more than it did Gus. But in a vague way Gus was considering the future. Every week he bought *The Billboard,* chiefly to follow the news about such old friends as Willie Krummer, the Baron. He told himself he could always join a small circus in some capacity.

On the last day of the bad old year Gus dozed off late in the afternoon, and by the time he awakened, darkness had filled the apartment. "Snookums," he called; but Marybelle was out. Probably she had gone to church. Odd about that: prior to their elopement he had not known she was the religious type. He arose and waddled slowly to the bedroom. Snapped on the light. Then he noticed a sheet of notepaper propped on the dresser. He fumbled on his reading glasses. The note said:

Deerest Gus, I think it is best this way, please do not try to find me, we have been sinfull. I have taken most of the money but it is not for myself Gus but to give to the Church to help save Souls, you can make more. You will find cold meat and hard boiled eggs in icebox, also milk. Take care of yourself, I will allways love you, Gus.

Yrs, Marybelle.

In the mirror he stared at a huge, wide-eyed, open-mouthed man in pajamas.

■ In February, Gus left San Antonio, drifting westward by day coach. He had sold the car. In Albuquerque he sold his diamond ring and finally his extra clothes and his luggage. He could get no work there. Nor in Denver. It was a long, hard summer; a long, hard autumn; a long, hard winter. He kept losing weight; he was always hungry and often cold. But the public library was warm, and as the months passed he formed the habit of going there to thumb and sigh through the current *Billboard.*

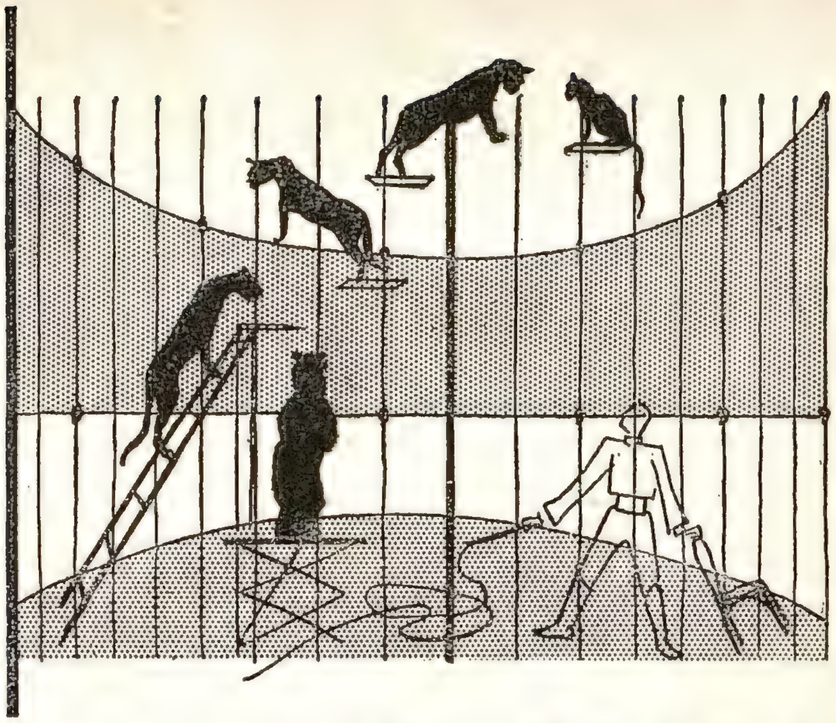
One day Gus talked himself into a job in a small print shop that was nearly as broke as himself. After a few months he became sufficiently prosperous to rent a room in a cheap hotel. He made a living, but that was about all. He specialized in selling cheaply to humble little business establishments, so his world shrank to that area of used-clothing stores and pawnshops and honky-tonks within a few blocks of the Union Station. On Sundays he spent most of his time in the hotel, dozing in his room or staring through the plate-glass windows of the lobby.

Eating regularly again, he regained some of his weight, although not all by a long shot. And in many little ways he changed, as if his personality were adapting itself to his new name. He wasn't as boisterous as he used to be; he didn't laugh as readily or as much; and he worried more, probably because he had fallen into the habit of worrying when he didn't have the price of a bed or a meal. Being alone in the world, he fretted about what would happen if he should get sick, or when he grew old. His health bothered him, for perversely enough, in a climate supposed to be beneficial to asthma, he developed asthma. Not a severe case, but bad enough to keep him awake some nights, propped up on pillows.

Pretty girls didn't notice him any more. Nobody much noticed him, for he didn't bustle along exuding optimism and surplus energy. He was just a portly man moving sedately along the street, a briefcase under his arm; another salesman; not anybody special; one of those men you see at noon in the Baltimore Dairy Lunch, eating with his hat on; somebody with sound opinions about who would win the World Series, and what was wrong with the country. Arthur H. Buckman.

And an odd thing happened: he grew tight-fisted. Oh, not as ridiculously stingy as Mr. Oxenford; but he was no longer the old free-spending Gus. He smoked nickel cigars and made them last a long time; and he didn't buy the evening paper because he would probably find one somebody had left on a leather chair in the hotel lobby. He postponed haircuts. He was trying to save money, maybe enough to buy his way into an old people's home in a dozen years or so. He no longer trusted life and his high destiny. The months slipped along, and the years. And in 1935 he found an interesting little item in *The Billboard* about an old friend, Willie Krummer. Having lost an arm and a leg, the Baron Karl Otto Von Krummer could no longer exhibit his valor in a steel arena; so in Tamarack he operated commercial kennels, breeding and selling dogs.

One night, leafing through a picture magazine, Gus came upon a reproduction of his own portrait. Above the cut the overline said, "Lost Treasure," and the underline told how Alex



Kerry, the famous artist, now dead, had once painted this picture and given it away and now it was lost. His habit of photographing his finished paintings, the magazine said, had preserved this black-and-white copy of the picture. If it were as good as the photograph suggested, some dealer would doubtless pay upwards of five thousand dollars to acquire it.

Gus paced over to the windows. He was grinning.

▨ Afterward, had you informed the barber named Lon McMorrow he was responsible for certain happenings at the ruined quarters of Burgoyne & Pawpacker's circus, he would have been nonplused. Nor could he have been blamed; his responsibility was obscure. Mr. McMorrow tipped the first in a wandering line of dominoes.

Mr. McMorrow was a kindly man, hard-working and charitable, and he believed himself the most expert barber in Tamarack. His work was not to be compared with that of these young squirts whom the Tamarack Barber & Tonsorial College was graduating so profligately. His razor left the roughest cheek smooth as a babe's, and when he finished with his shears only God could further improve upon the appearance of the customer in question.

Otherwise, if he veered from the ordinary, it was toward sartorial elegance. A careful dresser, Mr. McMorrow; for, as he told his wife, the world's respect for a man began with self-respect, and self-respect originated with fresh linen, pressed pants, shined shoes.

On that October morning, at 7:45, as he walked toward his garage, Mr. McMorrow did not look a figure of destiny; but existence is complex and one can never know which of one's actions will alter history. Backing out his Chevrolet, Mr. McMorrow's entire mental processes were absorbed with the problem of Charley Sinbad, the Negro porter in his neighborhood shop. Charley Sinbad dwelt in the back room, cooking there, sleeping there, and occasionally, if the truth were known, entertaining Lucille Le Claire there. It was that back room which troubled Mr. McMorrow this morning.

Driving along through frosty sunlight, Mr. McMorrow reflected that he did not wish his shop to acquire a bad name. He did not wish it to become known as an immoral place. Yet there was peril of this happening. Several nights ago Bert Parks, the druggist next door, had beheld Charley Sinbad entering the shop accompanied by a girl — by Lucille Le Claire. And very early yesterday morning the milkman on the route had perceived two persons departing surreptitiously from the shop, a colored man and a colored woman. The milkman had reported his observations and his deductions to Lon McMorrow.

Mr. McMorrow was not a narrow-minded man. He even harbored a dash of worldliness. Nevertheless, it alarmed him to imagine the whisperings that would rustle among his clientele if Charley continued entertaining Miss Le Claire in the back room. Young matrons might send their male offspring elsewhere for haircuts. Plainly business would not be aided by Charley Sinbad's confusing the purposes of an upright barbershop with those of a seraglio.

Still, Mr. McMorrow disliked broaching the matter to Charley, for interfering in such affairs is always a delicate venture, and often an unpopular one. Doubtless Charley would be abashed and perhaps piqued. And Mr. McMorrow did not wish to abash and pique Charley. For Charley was not just any old colored man: he was something special, a human being, a friend. Moreover, since he moved in last spring, life had shaped itself into a very pleasant pattern. With Charley occupying the back room, Mr. McMorrow could don hat and coat at day's end and walk out without ever a thought about locking up. And when he arrived in the morning the linoleum was always shining from Charley's mop, and if he were a bit late and some early customer had anticipated him, the door was unlocked for business. And with Charley asleep in the shop, he never wakened in the night to wonder whether the place were on fire.

Nevertheless, with the welfare of the business hanging in the balance, Mr. McMorrow realized he must issue a ukase: no more philandering amid the razors and hair tonic. He determined to issue it this very morning. But he would soften it by slipping Charley two or three dollars and urging him to take the day off and go fishing with Lucille.

▨ Charley Sinbad was brown, and not the molasses-footed Negro of vaudeville but a nimble, wiry little man. Nobody knew his age. Speculation put it as high as fifty-five, as low as forty-five; and this was a tribute to his verve and the dye he employed on his hair, along with Magic Moon Hair Straightener. He told Lucille Le Claire he was forty-two. She protested he didn't seem that old; he was a better lover than these strapping young bucks. Besides, she added, he gave her things. Money, and pretty things. These young bucks wished to take and take, never to give. Charley's quick mind realized this was appreciation, but also a veiled warning. If the money stopped and the presents stopped—!

So that was why in the sixty-third year of his life his fingers yearned for silver coins and the crackle of currency. That was why his cloth beat such a vigorous tattoo on customers' shoes, why he brushed so enthusiastically, why he mopped and ran errands so willingly, why he sought odd jobs washing windows and scrubbing walls when business grew dull in the shop. For Lucille Le Claire, who was a delicate lemon color with a divine figure, represented youth to Charley Sinbad, just as he represented romance to the little neighborhood business district at Thirty-Ninth Street and Milton Avenue.

Yes, romance! There were only three business establishments there, the barbershop flanked by the drugstore on one side and a grocery on the other, and life could be pretty routine there, what with haircuts and shaves and prescriptions to be filled and some housewife calling to say her groceries hadn't yet arrived, and her having company for dinner. Then, with the springtime robins, had come Charley Sinbad, popping into their lives with the gay suddenness of a jack-in-the-box. Charley Sinbad, who could clog dance and sing and play the guitar and crack jokes like peanuts between his teeth. Yes, and he harbored other talents! He could sign-write. In the back room he kept a case of brushes and paint and strange-looking pens and colored inks. On Fridays he covered the grocer's windows with curling red and blue letters announcing week-end specials, and when the druggist held a one-cent sale, Charley went to work on the drugstore panes, drawing a letter and then stepping back and judiciously contemplating his handiwork.

He belonged to Thirty-Ninth Street and Milton Avenue; and they were proud and fond of him with the pride and fondness of men who have been charitable and generous. Lon McMorrow would never forget that soft March morning when he was standing outside his shop, getting a breath of air, and saw Charley bustling along the walk. He remembered Charley's pearly spats, his green trousers, his green tie. At that moment Charley spied Lon's necktie. A flowered job, that day. The brown man's eyes met the white man's; Charley grinned.

"Boss," he said, in his best minstrel show manner, for once he had been an actor, "them windows look like they was just waiting attention from Charley Sinbad. Them windows say to me, 'Charley, let's have some soap and water.' "

Lon hesitated; so Charley cracked some old kerosene-circuit joke, and called him Boss again. He always called him Boss, in humor and irony, as if they were the comedian and straight man in some village Opera House.

"There's a pail and rags in the back room," Lon said; and Charley, rummaging there, eyed the place speculatively. He could imagine a cot snug against the wall. And amid the junk stored in that room he beheld a chair enthroned on a wooden platform, with metal foot-rests. Charley did not comment upon this shoe-shining equipment, but his opportunistic brain churned.

After his ministrations, the windows gleamed like gems, and Charley asked, "You got a porter here, Boss?"

Lon shook his head. Too small a shop. A one-man shop, really, although on Saturdays an extra barber appeared to assist with the traveling-men trade. A busy day, Saturday. Traveling men got in off the road on Friday evening, and they all wanted haircuts and massages and shampoos to look well for the Saturday night bridge parties, the Sunday morning golf links.

"You need a porter here, Boss. It'd class up your shop."

◆

A porter! A vision of grandeur came to Lon McMorrow: with a porter his little shop would take on a metropolitan air. Stepping down from the chair a customer would find a smart lackey armed with a whisk broom; there would be a great brushing, a lavish employment of the word sir.

Lon sighed. "Too small a shop. You couldn't make enough."

"Don't worry 'bout me, Boss. On Saturdays I porter here. Rest of the time I wall-wash an' house-clean an' lawn-mow. This is a good neighborhood, Boss, an' the ladies that want a handy man can phone for me here. Maybe I could slip a cot into that back room, an' kind of headquarter here. Gentleman like you hadn't ought to rassle coal into no furnace. Need your hands kept smooth for that expert work with the scissors and razor. I'll fix the furnace and sweep up the hair, and mop. Then I could sign-write for you, too. I could pen-write you some fancy calling cards. . . ."

That was how it began, and Lon never regretted coming to terms with Charley. No salary was involved. All Charley desired was opportunity. He knew he would never starve. Not with a grocery next door, where he could do odd jobs and receive lettuce that had become wilted and a shop-worn end of watermelon and possibly a ham bone.

He reckoned shrewdly, established himself as an institution on that corner, a jester and jongleur at the court of Lon McMorrow. The barbershop loafers found him entertaining. They were spruce, retired old men, mostly, living with sons or daughters in the neighborhood; and on the long, dull midweek afternoons Charley would bring out a guitar, strumming and singing the melancholy old songs about Negro men confined in jail-houses, and cowboys who desired nothing less than to be buried on the lone prairie. And sometimes he dipped into his past and yarned of his experiences, taking them into a world of grease paint and one-night stands. For back in the gaslight era he had been end man with Alabama Joe's Chocolate Drops; he had traveled with carnivals; yes, and with circuses.

◆

The road curved tan and mellow in the sunshine, along low banks where autumn had left red and yellow stains. Charley Sinbad and his girl were driving north from Tamarack, with fishing poles and a picnic basket in the back seat. Charley was following a sandy lane, and when the lane humped itself over what had been the embankment of an electric railroad, he glimpsed somebody who had plodded to a halt on the roadbed to let the car pass.

At first glance the man looked an old hobo. Charley caught the impression of a greenish overcoat, a dusty hat; and then, as the car rocked over the embankment, he stared momentarily into the hobo's face. And Charley exclaimed under his breath. He had played the cornet with the band on Burgoyne & Pawpacker's show the year it died in Corpus Christi.

It was a very nice picnic, there by the brown river in the golden weather, but Charley seemed abstracted. With ten dollars, or even five, he could buy a very nice present for Lucille; and it seemed not improbable that the Baron Karl Otto Von Krummer would pay ten dollars to learn that A. H. Burgoyne had returned from oblivion.

◆

It was odd that on this of all evenings, while she was finishing her kitchen work, it should have occurred to Eloise that they were very vulnerable. She was not a person given to premonitions, but later she wondered whether the human spirit could sense the gathering of events, the way old Judge Griggs back in Winchester had sensed in his rheumatic bones the distant gathering of storm.

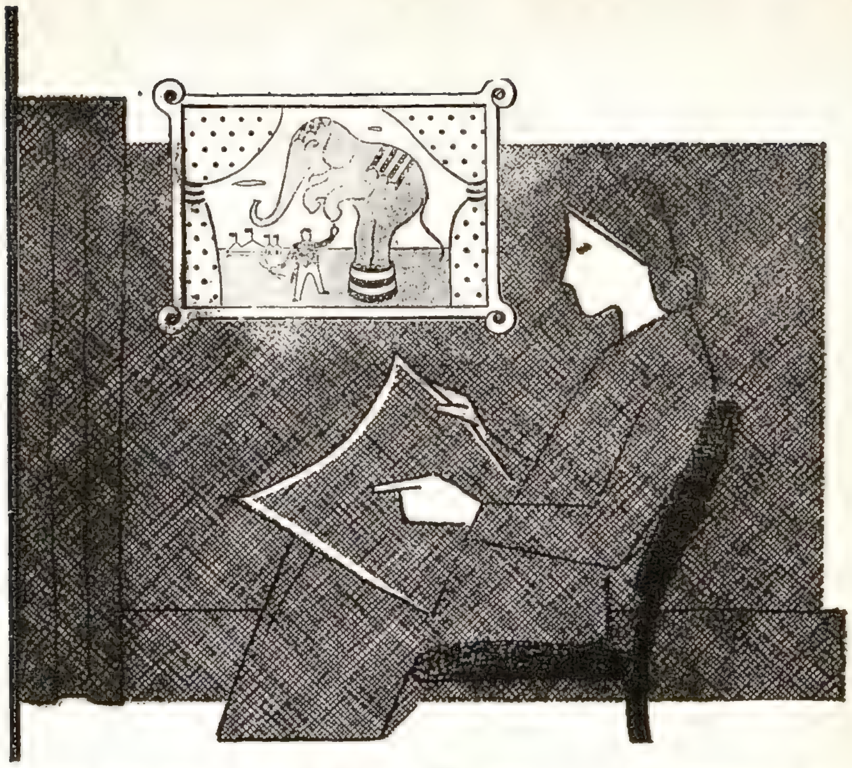
She was drying the dishes, thinking of trivialities, and then all at once she was aware of the kitchen windows, their black panes uncurtained, and before she could halt herself she was imagining how simple it would be for somebody to stand outside and watch. She assembled all the usual arguments against such a possibility, but she kept thinking about it. This was remote country, and here they were—she and Ivan Pawpacker—without so much as a bean shooter for protection. Protection against whom? Nobody.

They had no telephone, no electricity. Back in Burgoyne's time a dynamo used to generate current, but it had disappeared long since. A kerosene lamp burned on the table, and when the dishes were cupboarded Eloise picked it up and lighted her way through the sad old rooms to a downstairs bedroom, where Ive slept. In the doorway she halted, holding the lamp high. He was already asleep. The bed looked gigantic tonight, and lost in its shadows he looked small and inconsequential and infinitely old. She tiptoed away.

In the kitchen she tried to read, but she couldn't concentrate. Everything was silent, save for the humming lamp, and the unexpected noises that any old house will emit: a snap here, a creak there. Nothing unusual. But at last she stood up.

She looked attractive in the lamplight, with the rays bringing out the bronzes and shining oak-leaf reds of her hair. She wore it in a long bob. Her mouth was vivid, and as she stood listening, not for anything special, she looked as alert as a red squirrel in the timber when it stops suddenly, all ears. She wore a sweater and slacks, and now she slipped on a sport jacket. Outside on the porch she stood with hands in the slash pockets.

It was a fine frosty night. There would be a moon presently, but now as she moved to the gate the earth lay in shadow, save



for the starlight and the smudged luminosity of the Milky Way. She crossed the carriage yard and climbed the hill, past the Baggage Stock barn and the Animal House. Since childhood this had been familiar ground, and already the uneasiness she had experienced in the kitchen was fading. At the crest of the ridge she sat on a boulder and smoked. Only a few dim lamps glimmered from Oxenford, but along the southeast horizon a pale fan of light announced the existence of Tamarack, that city of power and dreams where in years gone A. H. Burgoyne had boomed so heroically.

Beyond the dark eastern hills the moon rose, lopsided with age, and red. She started back. The valley was all India ink and quicksilver now; and at the south end of the Animal House the old monkey cages were intricate with slim shadows and strips of brightness. The roof of the Baggage Stock barn was shining, and its wide door exuded soft, deep darkness. It was stabling ghosts tonight, all those heroic Percherons and Clydesdales.

The dust of the carriage yard had never looked whiter, or blacker where the trees projected shadows. Eloise had almost reached the gate when that feeling she had experienced earlier returned; and this time it was sharper. She was being watched. No, she thought, being a fool. She paused and stared. But there were so many spots where the moonlight didn't pry. She moved on, slowly.

In the kitchen the lamp was a dim red smudge; she turned up the wick and lighted her way upstairs. After she had prepared for bed and blown out the lamp, she creaked up the sash of a south window and stood gazing out at the silence. The moon was high now, the valley bright. Once, far away, she heard a small owl hooting, the notes wavering cool and liquid, and she thought of the field mice abroad tonight. A car motor started and lights came on somewhere down the road. The car turned around without coming up the road; she heard it receding. Then she went to bed, but not to sleep immediately.

The car was the Baron Von Krummer's.

■ The next afternoon Eloise had gone to the store at Oxenford. She went to the ridge cutting across the autumnal fields; and back in the house Ive lay in the bedroom, taking his nap. Only today he didn't really sleep. A light doze coated his consciousness, that was all. And he kept feeling guilty about taking time out for rest, he was such a busy man.

Blankness washed over his consciousness; and then he was telling himself he must be up and doing, for the dinner hour was approaching and here he was, napping in the General Grant Hotel, and that young man named Burgoyne would be entering the lobby to discuss buying a baby elephant named Molly.

Ive opened his eyes, but nothing happened; it startled him, till he realized he wasn't in the General Grant but in the bedroom at winter quarters. He said, "Eloise?" Again, nothing happened. No, of course not; she had gone for groceries. And he was alone here. There was no longer a circus, and sometimes he wondered why. He must have sold it, although why a man would sell a business better than the Klondike was puzzling.

He sat on the edge of the bed, slowly groping into his shoes; and then gripping his cane he shuffled from the bedroom. The air in the house smelled faintly musty and it had a shut-up coolness; he would be glad to reach his chair in the sun. A time or two he stopped on that journey through the downstairs rooms, head tilted as he listened. And he was afraid. That was humiliating and foolish. A leading citizen with money in the bank had nothing to fear. On the other hand, lack of sight was something of a handicap, increased the hazards in life.

As he reached the kitchen he heard the gate squeak. That would be Eloise. He paused just inside the door to the porch, listening, thinking what a good girl she was, looking forward to hearing her voice, wondering whether she would bring him some of those hard peppermint candies he liked so well. An anticipatory trickle of saliva watered his tongue as he thought of the candy; but then suddenly he had forgotten the candy and he was afraid again, for the footsteps were not hers. He stood very still. The footsteps halted. He waited, and on his tongue the saliva had dried; and it occurred to him that he was not exactly unassailable, standing there alone and blind. And he was ashamed to realize that something a great deal like panic was running in his blood. Beneath the skin of his temple he could feel a vein beating. His speech organs were numb and arid. He said, "Eloise?"

There was no response. And that was scarcely a state of affairs to allay panic, knowing somebody was standing a few paces away, ominously mute. The trouble was, he was pretty certain there was a batch of years, recent years, when unpleasant events had taken place in his life. What these events were he could not recall, but it might well be that this person who stood so close and so silent had come tracking out of those void years.

"Eloise?"

The silence was pure.

Resolution poured through him. His life had not been without courage, but this was audacity beyond imagination, this edging through the door to the porch. He inched to a halt, feeling the sun, and feeling also, more palpably than ever, the presence of another. He kept a tight grip on his cane and a tight grip on himself, too.

Then, exquisitely delicate, the noise of somebody on tiptoe, retreating, brushed his ears. The gate squeaked. And from some distance away he thought he heard feet in the dust of the carriage yard. After that, silence.

He eased down the steps, along the path, through the gate. It was necessary to find Eloise. She had gone to the store and he must find her. Underfoot he felt the softness of the carriage yard, and he warned himself not to give way to panic, because then he might lose all sense of direction and wander in circles. He made himself take it slowly up the hill, his cane swording ahead of him, never knowing but that the next moment something hot and quick might happen to him. At last he paused.

"Eloise," he whimpered, "I am lost."

And indeed he was, a little man staring up blindly.

■ In the loft of the Ring Stock barn, a man who might well have been an old hobo lay on a pile of hay. But appearances are so often deceptive: he was not an old hobo at all. He was a man who in his day had been of considerable consequence, booming orders from a city desk, getting himself married in a mansion, even making speeches at the Chamber of Commerce. And American life being what it was, so full of opportunity, there was a good chance he would once again be a man of consequence. Always provided, of course, he raided the attic successfully and carried off a painting by an artist named Alex Kerry.

He was dozing now, hat over his face, belly rising and falling. And there was that about his breathing which suggested he was about to drop down into the wonderful oblivion of deep sleep. But then, from far away through the stillness, a low drift of voices reached him.

He sat up, listening; and presently he went thumping in his socks to a slit in the north wall of the barn. He saw nobody, but he remained there, kneeling. Then he heard the gate squeak. Through an orifice in the pines he could see the kitchen porch, and presently two persons trudged slowly into his range of vision. They were Ivan Pawpacker and Eloise Sebastian. Ive looked exhausted, leaning on Eloise. She helped him climb the porch steps, and they disappeared into the house.

Minutes passed. Although his knees ached, Gus remained steadfastly at the slit.

Finally he went back to the pile of hay and lay down. Outside, the afternoon lengthened, but he did not doze again.

■ As the day waned and she prepared dinner, Eloise decided she would put Ive to bed early and then walk up to the ridge. There would be a moon about eleven.

The twilight came swiftly. Now it was dusk on the farm where once the horses of Pawpacker had crunched their supper oats, and the elephants of Burgoyne had swayed at their hobbles.

And Gus waddled softly out of the barn. The kitchen windows glowed orange through smooth indigo air.

He had no plans now, except patience.

Once the kitchen door opened and the girl stepped to the porch to drag the rocking chair inside. The sizzle of frying hamburger drifted faintly and aromatically. Gus's mouth watered. The door closed, and he stood in the dark, thinking of the future. He had sewed fifty dollars inside his vest lining. With the painting he would proceed by back roads to the nearest town with an express office, and ship the painting to Arthur H. Buckman in Denver. Then he would buy a shave and an enormous meal and a bus ticket.

The kitchen window darkened. The lamp was being carried through the house. Presently light was shining through the window of the downstairs bedroom. Then, after a time, the lamp traveled back through the house to the kitchen, and the girl opened the door. She stood for a time on the porch, then moved along the path. The gate squeaked. Silence.

Gus waited several minutes. Then, after a last moment of listening, he tiptoed swiftly to the porch.

From the kitchen he came on tiptoe through the dining room, into the living room, a watchful, moving bulk. His hands were cupped round the burning end of a flashlight.

His light found the door to the attic; it rasped open and he saw that the steps were thick-coated with dust.

It looked gray and forgotten, that attic. All the sweepings and rubbish of the years had accumulated here—crippled chairs, a rusty flat-iron, a corset ample enough to engirdle Flora, a scabrous leather suitcase, gaping open. Inside, Gus glimpsed something yellow and he bent heavily and fished it out.

Once it must have been a very nice doll, with its golden hair and red dress. The dress was filthy now, of course, and the hair scraggly. Nobody had ever played with that doll; she had been too sick; she had just lain with her arm around it.

"Kind of a shame," Gus thought. "Some kid would have enjoyed it. Should have given it to some poor kid."

He held it clumsily, as might be expected of an aging man with thick hands. Then he remembered why he was here, and he flashed his light in search.

The painting simply wasn't here. He was very tired suddenly. Not as young as once. Soon be sixty.

He shuffled toward the steps, then returned and picked up the doll. Then he descended. At the bottom step he switched off the light and opened the door, softly.

From downstairs he heard it, somebody coming. Thump, drag, thump. Climbing the stairs now.

Gus moved swiftly into a bedroom. At the far wall he knelt behind a bed and stared toward the hall. And then the light came into view, and the man holding the light. Gus thought, "My God, it *is* Willie!"

Then the hall was dark. And steps sounded on the attic stairs. Gus gained the hall, and risking his flashlight against a tumble he plunged down the stairs. Into the living room, the dining room, the kitchen. He didn't stop till he had pushed through the bushes at the west edge of the yard.

And oddly enough, as he bumbled through the darkness, putting space between himself and Willie, still holding the doll, a wave of optimism buoyed his spirits. Alive. And almost sixty did not seem so old. Times would improve. Maybe a boom some day. And he would find means to ride it and soar with it.

■ Ivan Pawpacker was awake now. In the house people were moving. Somebody rumbling down a flight of stairs now. What did it mean? He creaked thin legs over the edge of the bed. He found his cane and stood up. In his nightshirt he tottered from his bedroom, tapping through darkness. When he reached the kitchen he said, "Eloise?" No response. The thumping sounded closer. It entered the kitchen. . . .

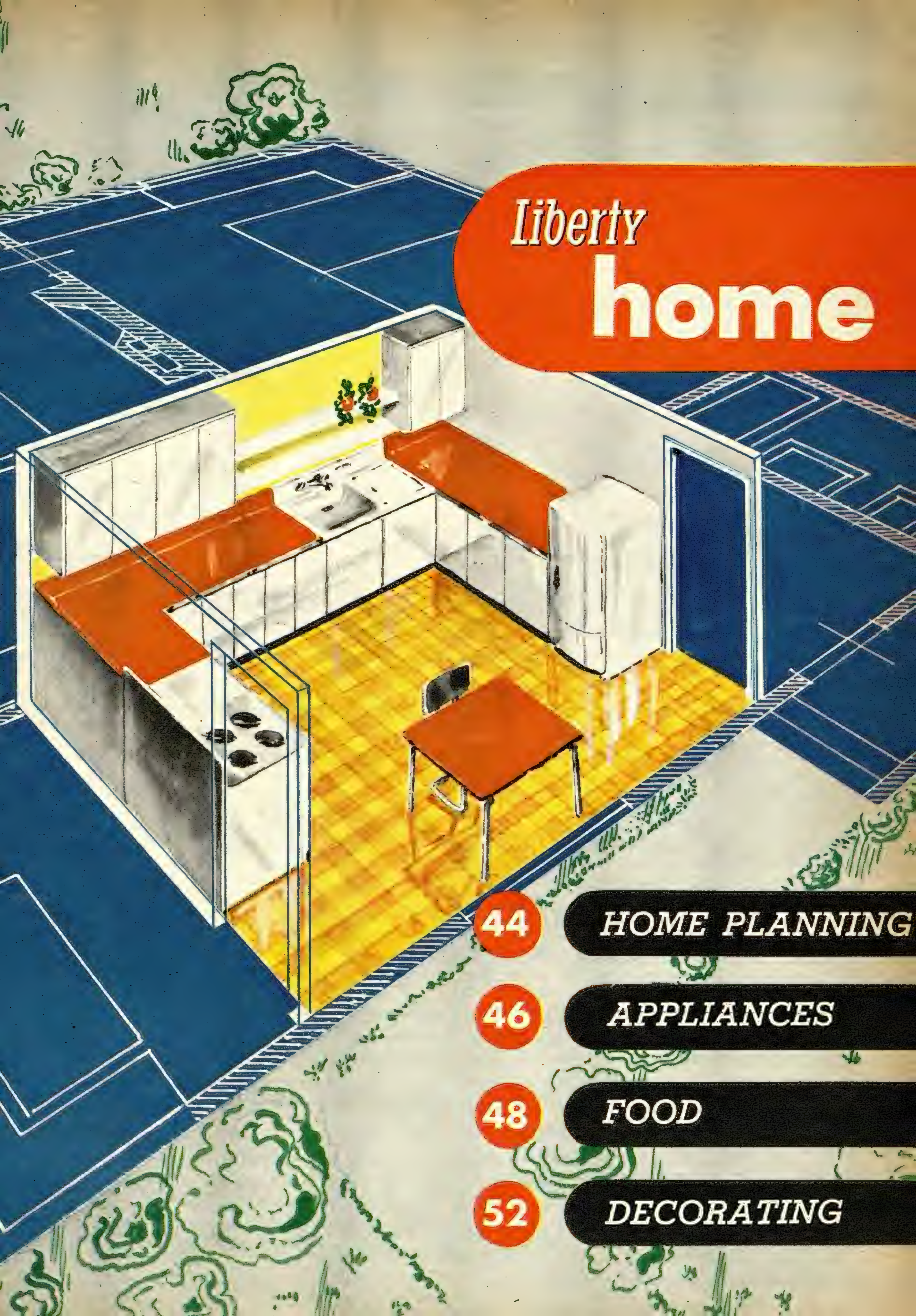
■ The thirties had not been a good decade for hostelries, what with the invention of trailers for traveling, and motor courts; and the management of the Commander Hotel in Tamarack was happy to rent apartments at modest sums. In one of them a woman was sitting. She was huge. Her hair was to be more gray than red; much more; and she wore glasses. She was just sitting. Her name was Mrs. A. H. Burgoyne; and although not a wealthy woman, still she had means of support. She was thrift triumphant; for during her years of marriage her husband had often flipped her a ten or a twenty, and this money she had not squandered.

She sighed, picked up the afternoon paper. A paper called the *Beacon*. She sat reading. At the ruined quarters of Burgoyne & Pawpacker's circus, a man named Pawpacker had been shot and killed by a man named the Baron Von Krummer; and then the Baron, pursued by the state police for speeding, had crashed into a bridge abutment, with the to-be-expected consequences.

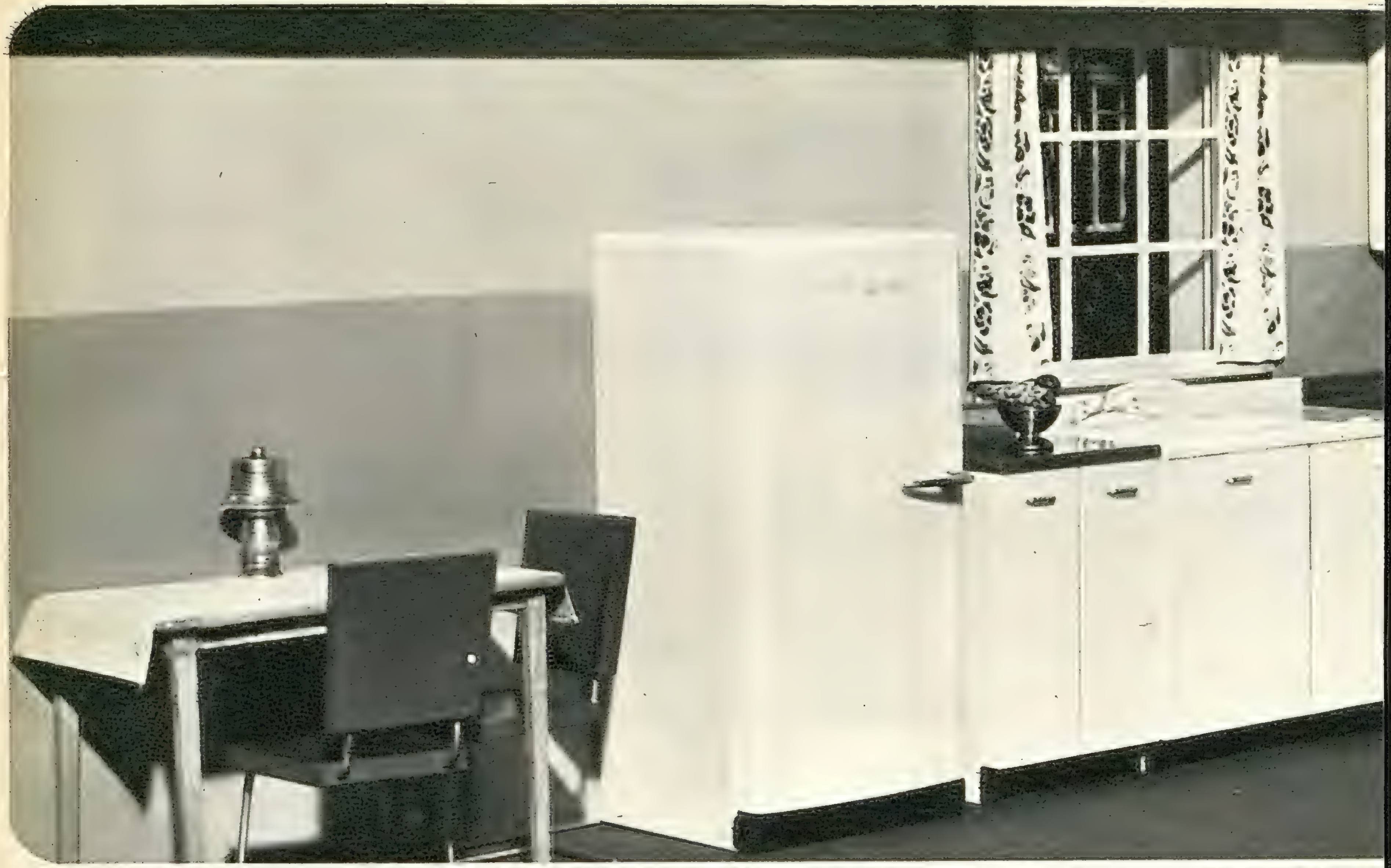
Eloise Sebastian, daughter of acrobats, had been living at the farm with Pawpacker, but she was unable to enlighten the authorities as to why the Baron had visited the farm. Eloise, the paper said, was leaving the farm soon for Chicago.

The paper descended to Flora's lap. She sighed. Her gaze went to the apartment wall, where hung a memento of Gus. It was not much; not a very good painting. Years ago, upon leaving the farm, she had rescued it from the attic and brought it here. ■ ■

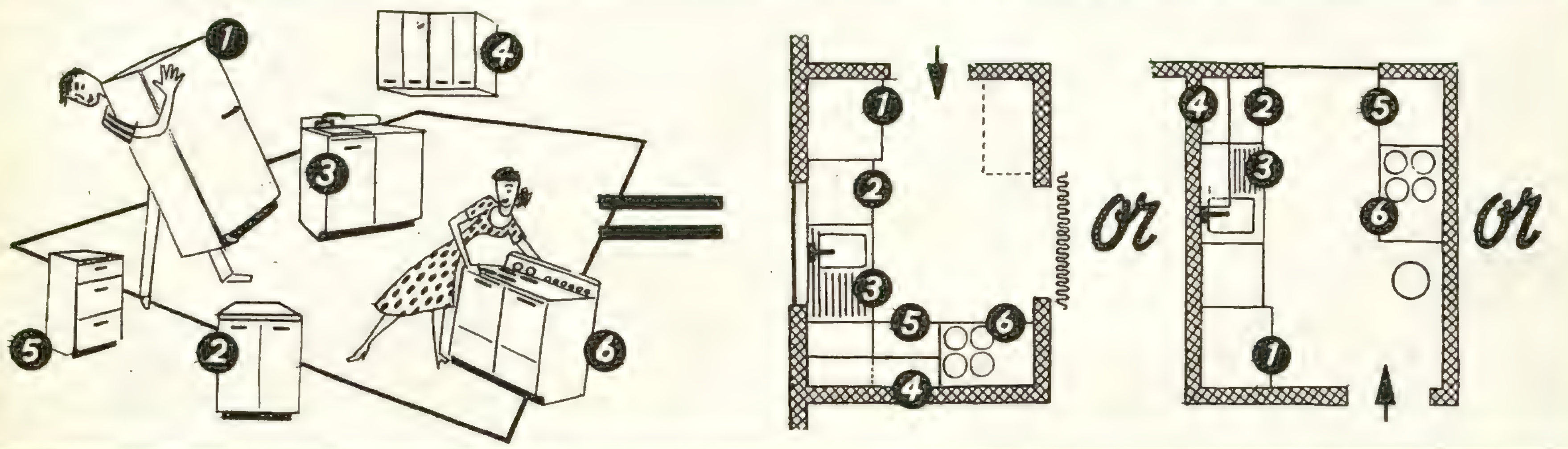
Liberty home



44 HOME PLANNING
46 APPLIANCES
48 FOOD
52 DECORATING



You can buy the efficient appliances and cabinets in this smart budget kitchen, set up by Liberty



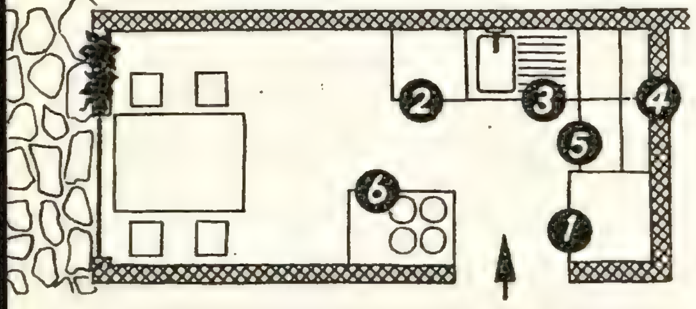
■ *Liberty's home-planning experts, with the aid of the General Electric Company, developed this handsome budget kitchen to prove that modern electric appliances are within reach of the modest-income family. Liberty believes too many families now planning a home do not realize that appliances may be included in a mortgage "package," their cost met by small monthly sums as part of mortgage payments. This is true whether you build or remodel. If you wish to remodel a kitchen only, your bank may arrange a loan for such home improvement. The kitchen illustrated here would cost about $3.40 a month as part of a mortgage package, added to the monthly installments on an FHA-financed home of, say, $9,000. You'd pay 10 per cent down; an FHA 25-year mortgage for $8,100 would cost about $46 a month. And the appliances repay you daily in time-saving and convenience.*

What's in this GE-Liberty kitchen? What does $3.40 a month buy? Take a look above. Any home will be equipped with a sink, so it's omitted from our figures. But range, re-

JOHN HUGELMEYER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

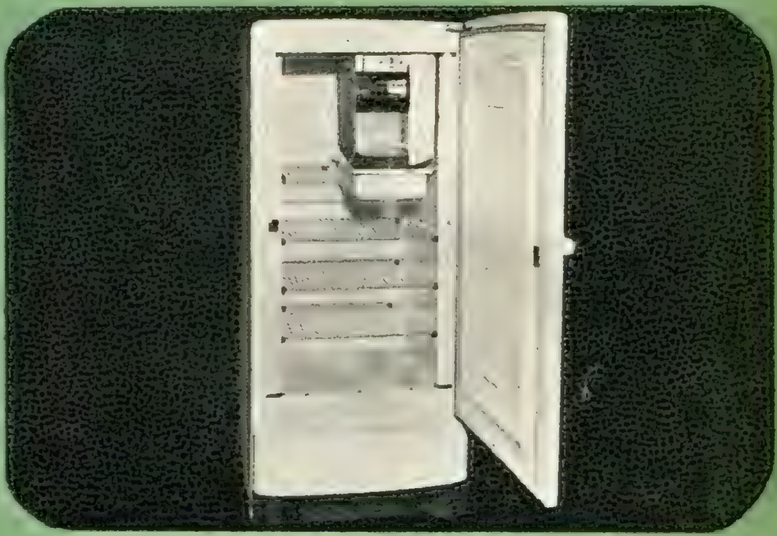
General Electric Company, for about $575.



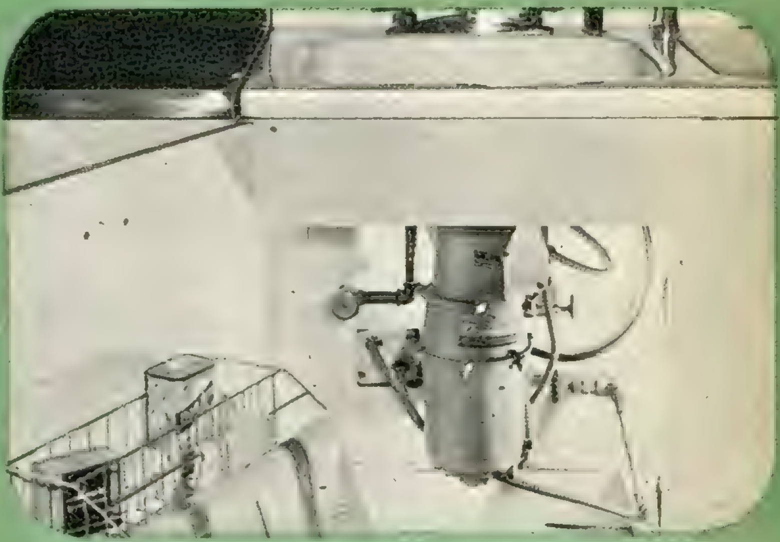
frigerator, two base and two wall cabinets are all included. The secret? Standard models instead of de luxe versions. The budget-priced ones are of the same long-wearing, use-giving construction as the expensive models—without the de luxe details. The wall cabinets are about $31.50 apiece. Base cabinets plus working-surface counters are about $159.

The GE-Liberty kitchen is a starting point. Your local appliance dealer can help you plan the best kitchen for you. You can own and enjoy both a new house and a new kitchen this year.

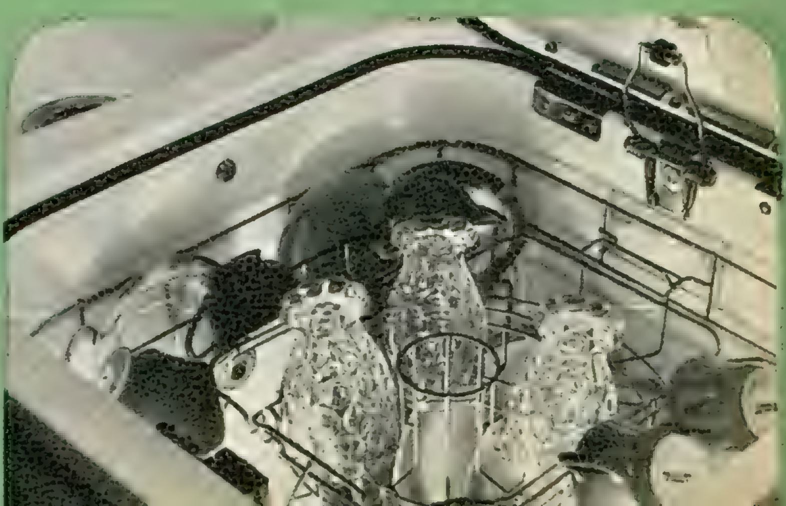
Electric range has three surface units and a deep-well cooker. About $170.



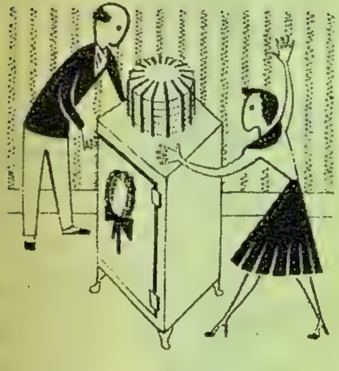
There's a large freezer and storage tray in this refrigerator. About $185.



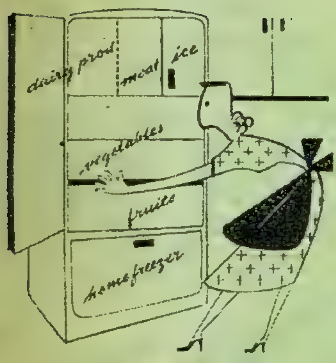
Not in our budget, but electric disposal unit (above), for about $119, and automatic dishwasher (below), for about $234, are no luxuries when used daily.



1910:
The iceman cometh.



1920:
Early refrigerator.

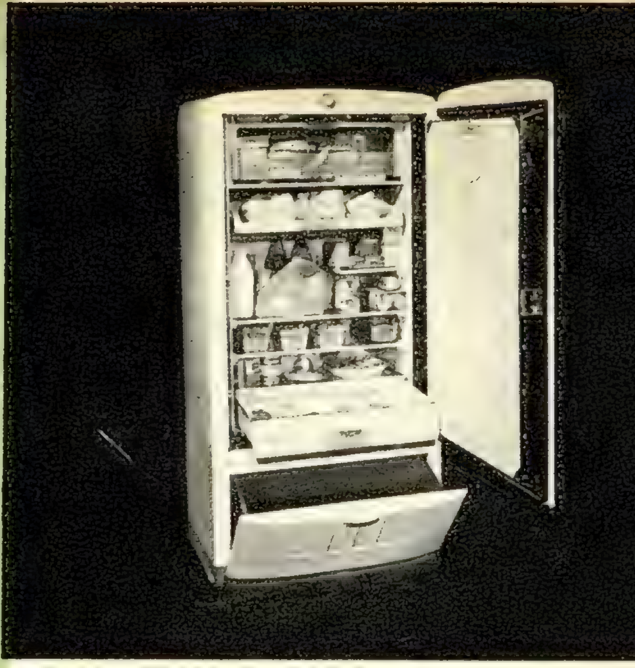


1948:
Modern refrigerator.

■ *Are you in the market for a new electric refrigerator? Confused by the variety of models available and the special advantages of each?*

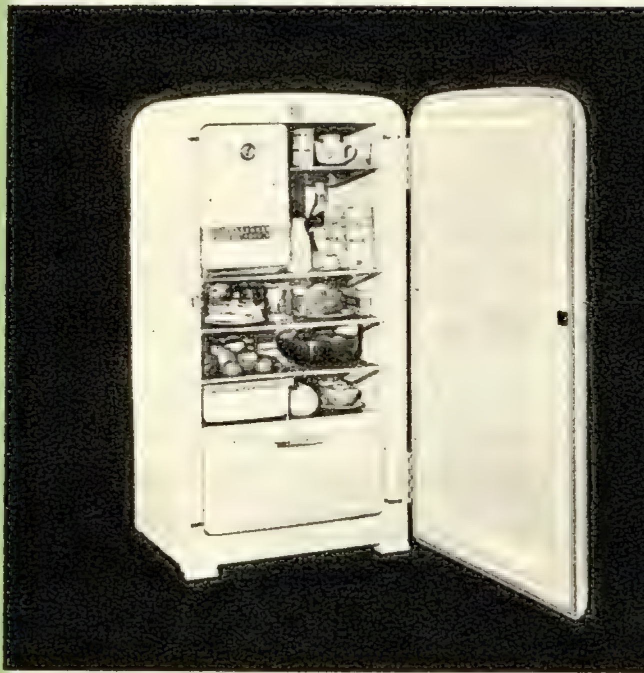
Here, then, are eight refrigerators now on the market. Each is a good buy if it fits your family's size and needs. Each boasts of special features, some of them unique, to lighten housekeeping chores. The price is a major expense for the average family, but keep in mind that the cost averages out to a reasonable figure when years of service and food saved are considered. Most manufacturers produce several models; you can find both less expensive and more expensive ones than these. Standard models are essentially of the same construction as the de luxe, and should give equal service but without as much convenience. You must decide whether or not to pay more for such time and motion savers as adjustable shelves, automatic defrosters, extra ice cubes, and special-duty compartments. In any case, if you buy a reputable brand from a reputable dealer, you should be well pleased.

Hang onto that manufacturer's book of instructions accompanying any purchase—and read it. Much research has gone into today's shining, easy-to-clean refrigerator; there is little to remind you of the old-fashioned icebox with its messy drip pan and unreliable temperatures. So when the booklet suggests a certain way to store food, try it that way first. Wash and drain your greens before storing in the crisper. Cover butter and other odor-receptive foods tightly. Keep meat in its own compartment; if there is none, keep it, covered lightly, just below the freezer. Remove food from multi-layer paper wrappings (which insulate it from the cold) and put in refrigerator dishes. Use your refrigerator full time and it will be worth your investment.



Glass-doored freezer locker and glass shelves, freshening locker for super-chilling, tilting dry-storage bin mark this Gibson. $297.75; 7 cubic feet.

When you look at a Kelvinator, note the large freshener for fruit. oversize freezer chest, and hinged shelves. $279.95. It holds 10.5 cubic feet.



Automatic defroster and adjustable shelves add to your convenience in this Norge, which stacks its freezer along one side. $299.95; 8 cubic feet.

This Coolerator model has a crisper, and more than a cubic foot for storage of frozen food; it supplies 70 ice cubes. Priced at $328.95; 8.5 cubic feet.

There's automatic defrosting with an Admiral, as well as a sterilizing lamp, and dual controls for freezing and storing. $389.95; 7 cubic feet.

Combination refrigerator-freezer by Westinghouse to freeze as well as store foods. Adjustable shelves plus lots of room. $299.95; 7 cubic feet.

Frigidaire offers glass-topped double hydrator, closely spaced shelves to prevent tipping anything, and large storage tray. $218.25; 7.7 cubic feet.

Philco models feature completely adjustable shelves and a new control handle which adjusts the humidity to the weather. $199.50; 7 cubic feet.

Prices on these appliances are list in most cases; in some instances are slightly higher west of the Mississippi.

FOOD

by Beulah Karney

Serve ears of corn in homespun napkin, pepper grinder handy.

■ *I just love summer. Summer with all its abundance. Summer with all its lazy-time kitchen ideas. Summer with quivering aspics that look fresh as a daisy and taste twice as good.*

Yes, I love summer with the tall, fragrant iced drinks, with glamorous desserts, ice creams born of magic mixes; fruit juice and milk, sherbets made in refrigerator trays as well as in old-fashioned freezers whose dashers have always been so lickin' good! At the moment summer seems pretty good to me.

It makes me think of our great American institution, corn on the cob. Picked fresh just before cooking (if possible) and rushed into the kitchen, where a kettle of boiling water is galloping like crazy. When I prepare corn on the cob, I take off all but the inner husks, trim the ears to match and—kerplop!—into the boiling water.

Then I reduce the heat and simmer gently for eight to ten minutes. Some good cooks

Serve carrot curls, scarlet radish roses, and celery hearts.

For a summer evening, iced tea with slices of lim

BARBERO-SARRA

For show-off occasions, turn the artist in you loose and decorate the aspic to your heart's content.

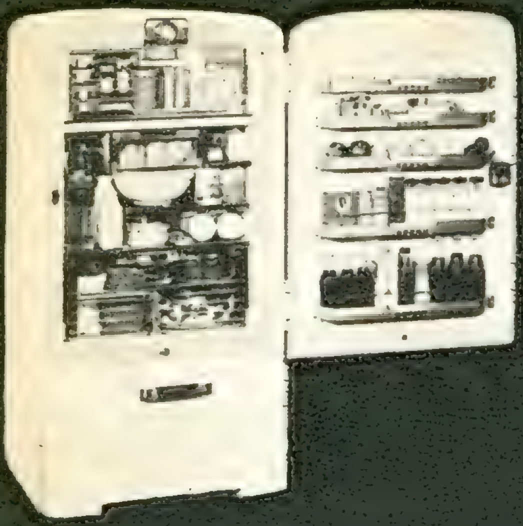
add salt, others don't. Corn on the cob is just fine for that necessary one hot dish of a summer's dinner; as a go-along with an aspic.

A veal aspic can be an amazingly economical dish made with breast or knuckle of veal, seasoned with lemon juice and minced parsley. For Sunday best I combine alternating slices of baked ham and cold sliced chicken.

Yes, I like summer with its morning crispness of fresh raw vegetables, noonday sunshine of golden sweet corn on the cob, the evening coolness of jellied meats and fowl and the tinkling of minted tea. I like the sweet satisfaction of frozen desserts and fluffy sherbets for any time. But most of all I like knowing that I can relax a little for that one season in the year when nature insists I be lazy, but with no penalty to my family. For of such dishes do we achieve economy, and nourishment, and pleasure. That's just the way these lazy-time ideas work.

(See recipes on page 66.)

r a smooth sherbet, chill ingredients *before* mixing; pour juices into milk.



There's twice as much front-row space at hand with the Crosley and its shelved door, plus convenient see-through walls. $359.95; 8.6 cubic feet.

For the city family, Norge presents a vertical-type freezer with six separate sections, each a complete freezer within itself. $299.95; 6.35 cubic feet.

The extra-capacity Deepfreeze model, with three ice-cube trays, metal baskets for systematic storage, and automatic alarm. $449.50; 10 cubic feet.

This all-steel G.E. model has counterbalanced top, coils all round (insuring equal distribution of cold) and temperature control. $239.75; 4 cubic feet.

Kelvinator's counter-height freezer, with space for fast freezing, is engineered to give more room inside for less floor space. $249.95; 6 cubic feet.

Upright home freezer designed by Gibson to match its refrigerator. Easy-reach shelves allow convenient selection of packages. $284; 6.6 cubic feet.

Prices on these appliances are list in most cases; in some instances are slightly higher west of the Mississippi.

■ *You needn't live on a farm, or garden extensively, to make a home freezer a sound investment for even a tight-budget family. Different sizes fit different families—freezer-refrigerator combinations, freezers for medium-size kitchens, freezers for big farm kitchens. If you operate it to full capacity every month, a freezer pays for itself in lower food bills within a few years. The family chef might keep in mind, too, that quick-freezing foods is a simpler process than canning them.*

Buy more and save.

Savings on food bills and on time, and increased nutritive values for your meals are the chief benefits of home freezers. Save by buying foods in quantity and in season; by taking advantage of sales. Freeze your bargains, as insurance against the sudden arrival of guests. Freeze—and you'll have insurance against rainy-day trips to market. You'll have extra time for yourself by shopping less often and by cooking and baking in quantity, such as six pies at a clip. The family fisherman will thrill to see a part of his catch served for dinner six months after that memorable trip. And in midwinter everyone will relish asparagus and strawberries frozen at the delicious height of their food value.

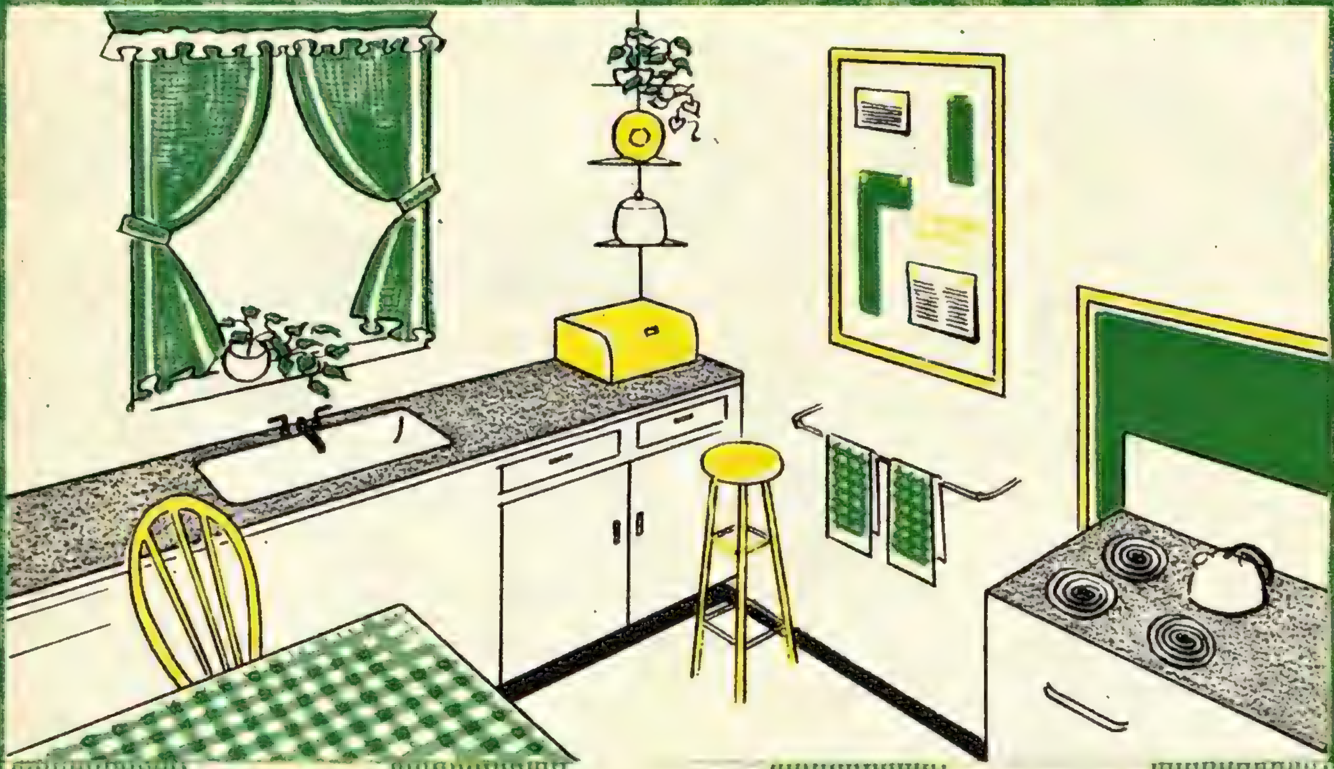
Pies when needed.

So you see, freezers are practical for town dwellers as well as rural families. Although the variety is not so great as with refrigerators, there still are many models from which to choose. Do depend on a reputable dealer and a reputable brand. That dealer will help you select the right type, depending on the size of your kitchen, your family, and the budget. Just remember that a freezer will handle any meat, fish, or poultry; cooked and baked goods; butter, eggs, and cheese; and most fruits, vegetables, and juices.

For the unexpected.

The models we picture here illustrate available types. Some are top-opening, some vertical. Interiors vary as to baskets for lifting, compartments and drawers, ice trays, temperature controls. Most manufacturers guarantee you against loss of food due to failure of equipment or current for from one to five years. Many models have an alarm to warn you if current does fail. Some handle freezing and storage together; some have fast-freezing compartments. Prices range from $150 for small, standard versions up to $700 for the extra-capacity de luxe models. Capacity varies from under three to 30 cubic feet (you can count on storing about 35 pounds per cubic foot). If you're not sure you'd do justice to a separate home freezer, look at the freezer-refrigerator combinations. Whatever your choice, any one is a postwar dream come true.

for under ten dollars...



... you can brighten your kitchen

COMBINE A THRIFT-INSPIRED SHOPPING TRIP WITH A LITTLE ORIGINALITY AND A LITTLE LABOR, AND GIVE YOUR FADED KITCHEN A NEW FACE.

1—curtains: 1 pair green-and-white-checked curtains (Clopay)	$ .59
2—towels: 2 green-and-white-checked towels (Cannon) at 25 cents each	.50
3—towel rack: 1 wood-and-chrome towel rack (Irvin Manufacturing Co.)	.79
4—bulletin board: 1 framed composition board (Griffith Manufacturing Co.)	2.79
1 card yellow thumbtacks	.05
5—paint: yellow enamel for bulletin board frame, breadbox, chairs, stool (Winfield One-Coat Enamel)	.50
1 paint brush	.25
6—stove: 2 yards plain green (Clopay) at 49 cents a yard	.98
1 card green thumbtacks	.05
5 yards white binding	.25
7—a wall bracket: three-tier glass corner bracket	1.98
8—tablecloth: 1 green-and-white-checked tablecloth (Clopay) at 59 cents a yard	.79
9—plants: 2 ivy plants at 19 cents each	.38
	$9.90

THE WAY I KILLED HIM

Continued from Page 15

pretty much tied up all next week—"

"With something more important than helping a bunch of wounded kids?"

I made circles on the dressing table with my finger. It was impossible to explain to Virginia—or to anybody else — about the afternoon arrangements for next week. You couldn't very well talk about such things when they concerned another man's wife.

Still, I reasoned, Lynn Reed would understand if I broke my dates with her to go to the hospital. In all probability she'd even urge me to do it. "Darling, we can't be childish," she'd said to me more than once. "We mustn't count *too* heavily on the afternoons. Some days I won't be able to see you at all; others you won't be able to see me." For all her recklessness, Lynn had common sense.

I got up, took off the blue kimono, tossed it over the back of my chair. "All right, Ginny. I'll do what I can."

"Thanks!" Dropping a friendly man-to-man pat on my arm, she went to the door. With her hand on the knob, she looked back in a kind of appraisal. After a time she shook her head and smiled.

"George, did I ever tell you I like you?"

I bowed. "No, but I'm flattered."

"Of course, sometimes you're an awful heel, too—and I'd love to give you a good swift kick in the pants. But I love you anyway."

She laughed and pulled the door open.

Howard Reed almost fell into the room.

■ Obviously he'd been about to enter when Virginia drew him off balance. He stumbled, caught at the outer knob, and leaned against the door to steady himself. His heavy face was already made up, and he wore his first-act tweeds. Despite the fact that he seemed ready for the curtain to rise, I thought I'd never before seen him quite so sodden, so unequal to giving a performance.

"George," he said, ignoring Virginia Rocklin, "I'm drunk."

"Man, you smell it!"

"I'm good and drunk — drunk enough to tell you what I think of you, George. I think you're a louse."

Something inside me tightened.

"You think you and my wife are putting something over on me?" he said. "You think I'm blind? Dumb?"

I wished Virginia Rocklin weren't standing there, hearing every word. "Look here, Howard—"

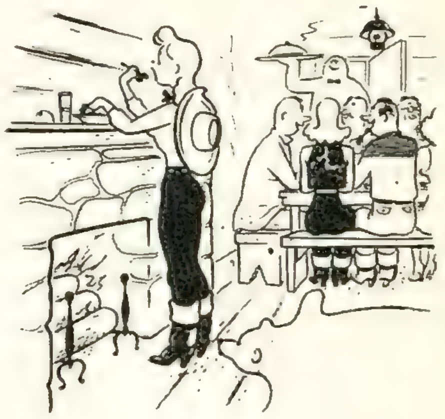
"Shut up. I'm just drunk enough to beat the hell out of you tonight. I'm sick of having my wife make a fool of me with every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along. Maybe you think I don't know where she was yesterday afternoon. And other afternoons. *Up in your apartment*—that's where she was!"

He heaved his massive body away from the door and started toward me. Virginia sprang in front of him, put her hands against his chest. "Stop it, Howard!" she whispered. "You're *on* in five minutes!"

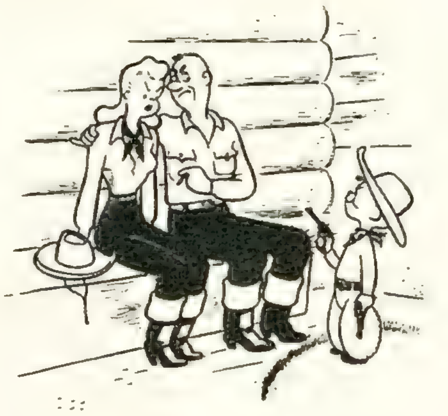
He pushed her aside with a lumbering sweep of his arm, and came at me again. The last thing I wanted was a fight with him. We couldn't risk

(Continued on page 55)

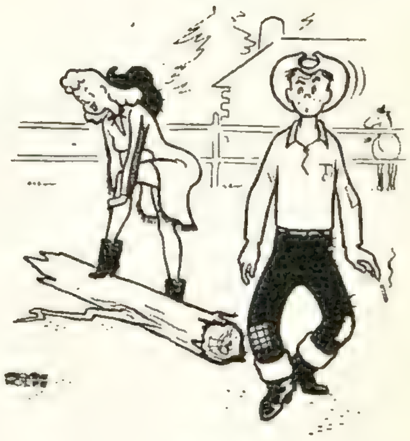
The Dudes



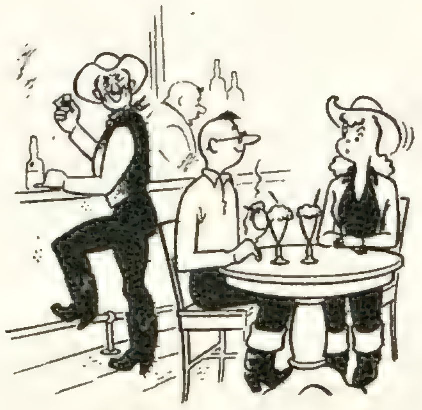
Tenderfoot



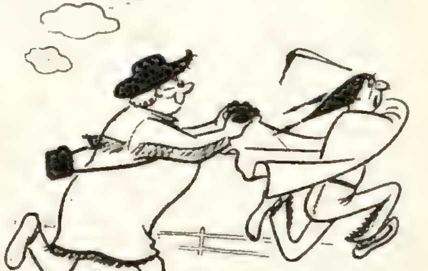
Git Along, Little Dogie!



Roping



Desert Rat



Vanishing American

**By
George
Wolfe**

Water boy

by Tom O'Reilly

reading time 3 minutes

Joe Verdeur is breaking all swimming rules—and records

■ If you have an inferiority complex about swimming, you should consult Joe Verdeur of Philadelphia. Joe is proving daily that his unfashionable homemade method of plowing through a pool is superior to that of the more pampered playboys of the water world.

Every time the big fish of swimming, led by Bob Kiphuth, Olympic swimming coach, get together and decide that the dimple-cheeked Verdeur has gone as fast as a human can go in water under his own power, Joe reaches out and does something better.

Take, for instance, the world's breast-stroke record of 2 minutes and 22 seconds flat over 200 yards, which Dick Hough of Princeton put into the record books to stay for ten years: Joe has lowered this six or seven times, until he has it down to 2:14.7, made at Ann Arbor, March 27.

Joe Verdeur, who was afraid of water, did not learn to swim until he was 14, at a crowded municipal pool in Philadelphia.

For three years Joe made occasional visits to the pool without learning to swim. Finally he had actually to ask another boy to shove him into the deep water. The fellow complied with glee. When Joe struggled out, the performance was repeated. Soon Joe didn't need a shove. He was not afraid any more. He could stay afloat.

What Joe lacked in form he more than made up for in strength. In a neighborhood meet, Joe won the 30-yard free-style event, employing a method that might be described as a cross between the Australian crawl, the side stroke, a fast dog paddle, and a plunge. Eventually, however, Joe made the team that became City Catholic High champs in 1940, '41, '42, and '44. He graduated in 1944.

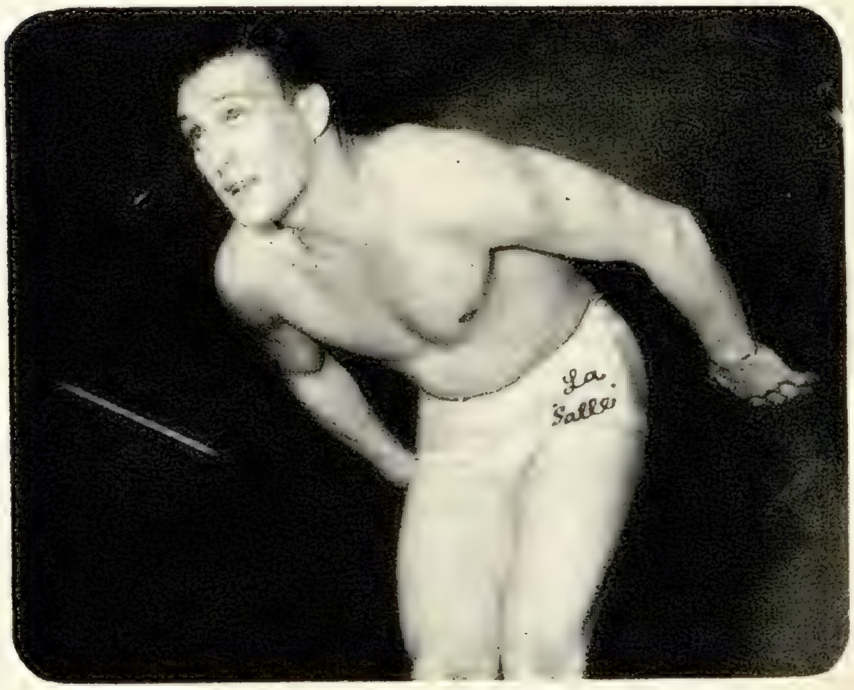
Joe's breast stroke is described as "a sort of double free style under water." Joe uses the exact same strokes that a free-style swimmer employs, with the exception that instead of alternating each arm, he swings them in and out of the water together. After Joe brings his hands together in front of him, instead of making the orthodox breast-stroker's parallel arc, he brings his hands down vertically into the water, as though swimming free style. In fact he practices for all his breast-stroke competition by simply swimming free style. The roll he gets with his own home-grown free style disappears in the breast stroke, when both arms keep him properly balanced.

Just before leaving Northeast High, at the age of 18, Joe won the National A.A.U. indoors 220-yard breast-stroke title at Ann Arbor, covering the distance in 2:40.3. And in the 300-yard individual medley he finished second to Adolf Kiefer of Chicago, who set a new American record of 3:23.8. On leaving high school, he joined the navy and became a member of the famous Bainbridge Naval team which won the National A.A.U. title.

Joe, who stands six feet and weighs 185 pounds, is now earning his way through La Salle College.

When Joe sent the records tumbling recently at Yale, he remarked, "I didn't think I was breaking any records. I felt sluggish and tight in my legs." An old swim master, hearing that, said maybe all America's Olympic hopefuls ought to cultivate sluggishness. ■■

Joe is our Olympic swim team's top hope.



He was 14 before he knew how to swim.

(Continued from page 53)

blood or bruises on either of us. There was nothing to do but step out of his way, try to talk him into saving this scene until after the show.

But Howard took a furious swing at my head. It was a drunken swing, blind, without direction. It missed by a wide margin, and the momentum of it spun him around.

That was too much for his balance. He struck a chair, lost his footing completely. As he went down I managed to catch him and ease the fall. Still, the back of his head thudded against the wall. He pushed his fingers into his hair—grimacing with pain—making far more of it, I thought, than the bump warranted. He was still holding his head when the picture of John Barrymore dropped from its nail directly above him and the corner of the frame grazed Howard's cheek.

It wasn't a deep cut, yet it began to bleed. He put a hand to his face, blinked in amazement at the blood on his palm. "What the hell—" he said.

By that time a number of people were running into my dressing room—Howard's crash to the floor had been noisy. Fat Willard Gorbey, the stage manager, came first, breathless, followed by Pete Snyder, the prop man, and big Larry Vaughn. When Gorbey saw his star sitting on the floor, drunk and dazed and with a bleeding gash in his face, he groaned, "*This* we needed!"

And then Lynn walked in, with Charlie Dixon behind her. With more anger than alarm, she went to kneel beside her husband. From his breast pocket she took a handkerchief, wiped the blood from his face.

What she whispered to him I couldn't catch, because Willard Gorbey was asking for the second or third time in a tone of rising desperation, "What the devil happened? What *is* this, George?"

"He took a poke at me," I said. "He missed and keeled over."

"He thinks a poke is a good idea at eight thirty-five!" Gorbey said. "In five minutes the curtain should go up, and look at him! Even sober, how could he go on with that butchered face?"

"Where's Mark Seller?" I asked.

"Speaking at some fool banquet! Tonight of all nights!" And then Willard Gorbey, as if realizing that the responsibility for this performance was wholly his, turned to Charlie Dixon. "Get ready, Charlie. Tonight *you* go on!"

Young Charlie Dixon's eyes became bright; he was the only one who could find any happiness in this situation. "Five minutes!" he said eagerly as he ran off. "I'll be ready in five minutes!"

■ Charlie really surprised us with the performance he gave. Of course, it didn't have the suavity of Howard's, or the polished assurance. Rather, it was like everything else about the understudy—sharp, abrupt, incisive.

At the end of the first act I congratulated Charlie; we all did; then I hurried to my dressing room, to find Lynn waiting for me.

"Tell me about it," she said. "What got into Howard?"

So I shut the door and told her. She listened without saying a word. When I finished, I asked, "How did Howard find out you were with me yesterday?"

"He's had me watched," Lynn said bitterly. "Tonight he told me — he's been paying a man to watch me for weeks!"

LIBERTY

"You should see her at low tide!"

"Good Lord!"

"It's more than I can take, George. It's cheap and revolting—and humiliating!"

I stepped close to her, behind her, and put my hands on her arms. They were lovely arms to hold. "I wouldn't worry too much, Lynn," I whispered. "This may make things simpler."

She had told me long ago—almost the first time we'd had lunch together—that she intended to divorce Howard. For the present it was only the success of Witchcraft that was keeping her close to him. She was a trouper with a job to do; she owed loyalty to the play, to Mark Seller, to the rest of us involved in the show. But the day after its final curtain, she intended to be on her way to Reno.

"I've got to change," she said, turning. She smiled up at me without much humor, patted my cheek in an encouraging way. "Sorry you had to have all that fuss with him, dear." Then she went off to her room.

It was hard for me to recapture the mood of Witchcraft, and yet the play went along with astonishing smoothness. Lynn did a perfect job. Charlie continued to be good. Nothing went wrong until we reached that final scene, in which I shoot the menace at his desk.

And then—well, I drew the .22 from the pocket of my tweed jacket as I drew it every night. I aimed straight at Charlie Dixon's chest. He sat back, smiling the way Howard Reed always smiled, with more contempt than fear. And he uttered the lines I'd heard every night for five months: "Put that thing away. You can't settle a problem like this with a bullet."

"Can't I?" I said. "Let's just see."

And I fired.

Howard Reed usually rose an inch or two, stared at me in surprise as he put a hand to his chest, and then slowly collapsed across the desk. But Charlie Dixon didn't do that at all.

Charlie's body jerked. He turned a little, away from the audience, while one shoulder hunched up in a kind of agony. My first thought was, Lord, he's hamming it! But then I saw something that made me stand in a stupor, cold, almost dropping the gun, and forgetting I had to go to the telephone and call the police.

I saw a dark red splotch spread over Charlie Dixon's shirt.

He slumped on the arm of the chair, with his back still to the audience. A few drops of blood splashed on the floor beside him. . . .

Far behind Charlie, in the wings, Willard Gorbey made frantic gestures to me. Somehow I remembered to go to the stage telephone.

■ Let me say this for Lieutenant Walter McComb of Homicide: Though he was a big, bloated, slow-moving man with curly red hair that needed trimming, he also turned out to be as calm, logical, and fair a policeman as you would want to meet.

"Well, seems there's no question about *who* killed him, anyhow," he said. "Mr. Wyatt here admits he's the one who shot the bullet. You all saw him do it, and there were more than eight hundred witnesses in the audience who saw him do it. So there's no problem about who I have to book."

I said in amazement, "You don't mean to say you're going to *arrest* me for this!"

"Sure. Got to."

"But why?" I exclaimed. "How was I to know there was a real bullet instead of a blank in that gun? I didn't commit any crime. I was just doing my job. I had no more to do with this than—"

"Did you shoot the bullet into him?"

"Yes, but—"

McComb looked at me in a thoughtful way. "I'm not accusing you of murder, Mr. Wyatt. Don't get me wrong. Morally, I guess most of us would agree, you really didn't murder him at all—unless *you* happened to be the one who loaded the gun with a real slug."

"I wasn't. I *liked* Charlie Dixon!"

"But that bullet might not have been meant for Dixon at all," McComb pointed out. "It was probably meant for Howard Reed. You folks all say you didn't know till the last minute—till just before the curtain went up—that Reed wouldn't be able to go on tonight. By the time Charlie Dixon took Reed's place, the slug was probably already in the gun, waiting for Reed."

"And if *I'd* put it there for him," I said, "do you think I'd have aimed straight at *Charlie Dixon?* I could have shot over Charlie's head or to the side. Why would I deliberately kill him?"

McComb nodded. "You've got something there, Mr. Wyatt. With that kind of argument your lawyer ought to get you off easy. I wouldn't worry. But meanwhile I got to drag you in."

In spite of my bitterness I had to respect the logic of the man. I stood silent while he questioned all the others on the stage. We were still there, with the curtain down.

But when at last police photographers crowded around Charlie Dixon's body and the medical examiner arrived, McComb and a few of his men herded the whole group of us into Howard Reed's dressing room. We sat down where we could. I found

(Continued on page 58)

HOW TO KEEP C-o-o-l *without* A POOL!

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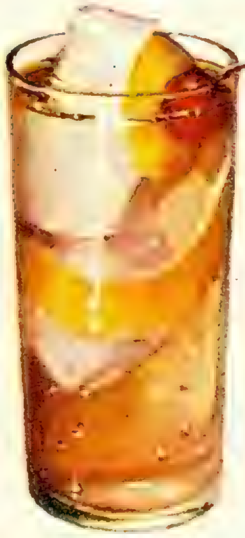
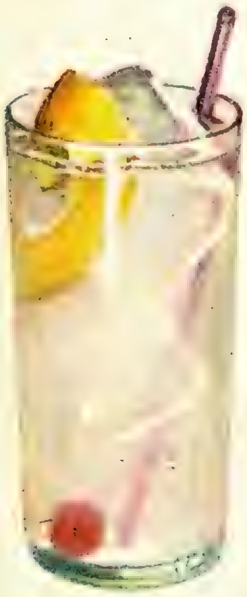


WHISKEY COLLINS
Winning more and mor
friends . . .

For each drink use 1
PM de Luxe, juice of 1
or 2 limes, 1 tablespoon
dered sugar. Shake thor
ly, strain into tall glas
ice, fill up with White
stir once. Add lemon pe
maraschino cherry.

(For Rum Collins, in p
whiskey use Merito
White or Gold Label.)



MINT JULEP
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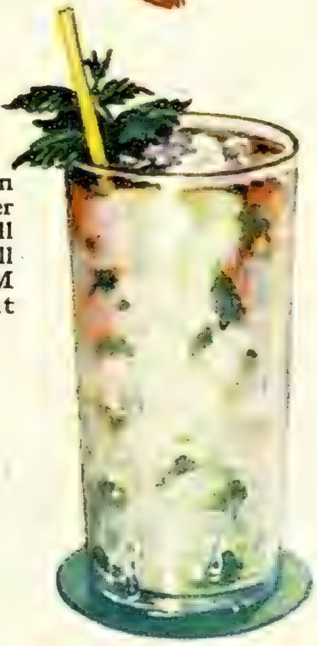
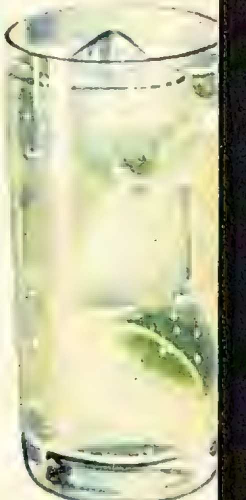
Dissolve 1½ teaspoons sugar in a little water. Muddle together with 5 or 6 mint leaves. Fill tall glass with crushed ice, freeze till frosted. Then fill with PM de Luxe, garnish with mint bouquet.



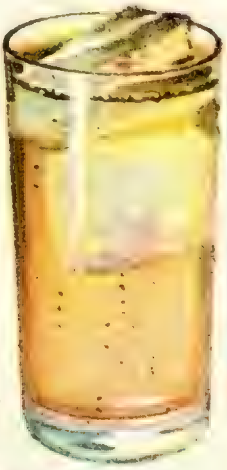
GIN RICKEY
Bubbling over with cooling refreshment for summer-parched palates!

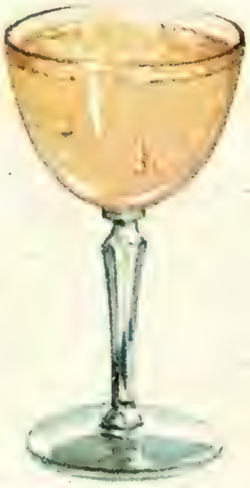
Put ice cubes into 6 oz. glass. Add juice of ½ lime. Pour in 1½ oz. of Gilbey's Gin. Fill up glass with White Rock. Stir and serve.



TOM COLLINS
No. 1 on the "Summer Heat Parade" . . .

For each drink use juice of 1 lemon or 2 limes, 1½ oz. Gilbey's Gin, and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Shake well together, strain into tall glass with ice. Fill up with White Rock, stir lightly. Add lemon peel and maraschino cherry.





DAIQUIRI
Easy to make, hard to resist . . .

Mix juice of ½ green lime, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ oz. Merito Rum (White Label), dash de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, strain into chilled glass.

SCOTCH HIGHBALL
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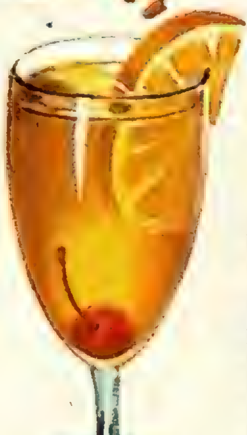
Pour 1½ oz. Gilbey's Spey-Royal Blended Scotch Whisky into glass with ice cubes. Fill up with White Rock. Stir lightly.



WHISKEY SOUR
The freshness lasts!

For each drink dissolve 1 teaspoon
powdered sugar in juice of ½
lemon, add 1½ oz. PM de Luxe
Shake with ice cubes, strain into 6
oz. glass, fill up with White Rock
Add ½ orange slice and mara-
schino cherry.

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Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits

(Continued from page 55)

Virginia beside me on one side, Larry Vaughn on the other. Glancing at Virginia's taut face, I couldn't help thinking, Baby, this is one time you won't have any trouble getting Witchcraft into the papers.

Then my eyes went to Lynn. I wished she'd look up at me. I wanted at least a reassuring nod. But she was frowning at the floor.

I lifted my glance to Howard.

He stood behind his wife—sober now, grave. A few hours had done a lot to steady him. On his cheek two strips of adhesive tape held down a bandage over the cut. Despite it, he looked quite dignified. Howard was playing the gentleman. Yet, watching his powerful face, I couldn't help wondering how he felt. It must have been pretty grim for him to realize that somebody hated him enough to arrange his death, and whenever he'd looked at the body of Charlie Dixon to think, There, but for the grace of God and a few glasses of liquor . . .

■ "Let's see just what we've got here," Lieutenant McComb said.

He sent a speculative glance around the room.

"Snyder," he said to the skinny prop man, "you're the one whose job it is to load the gun. Right?"

Pete Snyder nodded jerkily, his eyes scared.

"You said you'd loaded it today with the usual blank cartridge," McComb went on.

"Positively," Snyder said. "It was a blank, same as any other day."

"And you put that blank into the gun about five fifteen this afternoon?"

"Right after the matinee performance," Snyder said. "Other days I get my props set before the night show—about seven thirty. But on matinee days—Wednesday and Saturday—I get everything fixed right after the afternoon show. Then I know it's done."

"Did you look at the gun again at any time before the evening show?"

"No; wasn't any need to."

"So that between five fifteen and eight forty or so, when the show started, anybody who happened to come on the stage could have changed the blank cartridge in the gun for a real bullet."

"Y-yeah," Pete Snyder said. "I guess that's right."

"Where would the gun be during all that time?"

"In the drawer of the desk on the stage. That's where it always stays. This show's got only one set. At the beginning of Act Three Mr. Wyatt is onstage alone. He takes the gun out of the drawer and puts it into his pocket. There wouldn't have been any reason for the gun being any place except in the desk drawer." Snyder glanced at me, then added, "After every performance I sort of make sure to get the gun back from Mr. Wyatt and put it in the desk."

"And you did that after today's matinee?"

"Absolutely."

McComb's thoughtful eyes went to a couple of stage hands, to fat Willard Gorbey, to Lynn and Howard Reed. In the end they fixed themselves on Larry Vaughn. The lean young playwright—his hair was upset and his skin looked gray—bent forward, hands clasped hard between his knees.

"Just by way of getting things right in my mind, Mr. Vaughn," McComb said, "what were *you* doing back here tonight?"

LIBERTY

"Mother likes you very much, Harold."

"I come every night. To watch. This happens to be my first play. I sort of brood over it. I fuss and worry—and I get a big kick out of it."

"Every night for five months?" McComb sounded skeptical.

"Well, almost every night. Now and then I miss a performance."

"Were you here this afternoon?"

"Part of the time. I left a little after four to go to a party."

"And when did you get back?"

"About eight fifteen."

"Of course, you saw nobody touch the gun—"

"No. I told you that before."

McComb sighed. He glanced at Virginia Rocklin. "You don't really belong here either, do you?" he said.

"Not by right of being a member of the cast, no," she admitted. "I just came backstage to talk to Mr. Wyatt—at a little after eight."

"And stayed."

"Out of curiosity, yes. I wanted to see what sort of performance Charlie Dixon would give."

Another detective walked into Howard Reed's dressing room, and McComb looked at him with an unspoken question. The man shook his head.

"The guy at the stage door says nobody came in tonight except the regular crowd," he reported. "And, of course, Miss Rocklin here and Vaughn."

McComb's eyes went over us again, moving slowly from face to face.

"You expecting Mr. Seller soon?" McComb asked Willard Gorbey.

"Any minute. I called the hotel where he'd gone to a banquet, but they said he left just before eleven. So I called his home. He hadn't got in yet. I left word with his wife."

"Seller was here this afternoon, wasn't he?"

"Sure, till about five thirty."

McComb put both hands into his trouser pockets, jingled a few coins, and at last faced Lynn and Howard Reed. In some subtle way his manner changed. He seemed more cautious,

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more searching. It was as if, in coming to grips with the stars of the show, he knew he was about to pry into the heart of this business.

I felt a little sick. If this investigation went far enough—and I was sure that eventually it must—everything would become public knowledge. McComb would dig out the fact that Howard distrusted his wife to the point of hiring a private detective to trail her; he'd learn that Lynn had spent several afternoons at my apartment. In the newspapers the thing would sound sordid and ugly and cheap. In fact, I told myself bitterly, it *was* sordid and ugly and cheap.

"I don't like to go over the same ground again, Mr. Reed," McComb was saying. "Still, we got to get these details fixed right. Let's make sure of one thing: Up to eight thirty-five tonight *you* were set to go on the stage?"

"Yes."

"In spite of the fact that you came in drunk, nobody had any reason to think Dixon would go on in your place?"

"These people," Howard said dryly, "have learned to take my drinking pretty much for granted. If it weren't for the accident with the picture, if my face hadn't been cut, I think I could have given a fair performance."

"About that accident now—" McComb cleared his throat. "Just why did you take a swing at Wyatt?"

■ I drew the cigarette from my mouth, looked hard at it. This was the moment. If Howard told anything at all, he'd have to tell everything.

"God knows," Howard said, shaking his head. "I was too cockeyed drunk to know what I was doing."

"Even so," McComb said, "you were ready to go on and act. Nobody could *foresee* that John Barrymore's picture would fall and gash your face, keeping you off the stage."

"That's right."

"So, if the gun was loaded long before the show, we're safe in assuming the bullet was meant for *you* and not for Dixon. It brings up the question—who'd want to kill you?"

"I wish I knew," Howard said. "It never occurred to me that I was making any deadly enemies around here. I can't believe it. These stage hands and the electricians—why, I hardly know them except as familiar faces around the stage. What could I possibly have done to any of them that would call for murder? As for Willard Gorbey here and Larry Vaughn—why, we're friends. I may have annoyed them sometime when I was drunk, but surely not enough to make them want to *kill* me. And if you narrow it down to the cast—well, you've got only Mr. Wyatt and my wife. You've already eliminated Wyatt. As he says, even if he did have some reason to shoot me—which I can't conceive—he would hardly have used the bullet on Charlie Dixon as a substitute victim. And as for my wife—" Howard smiled a little. Standing behind Lynn, he put a hand on her shoulder and said in an almost joking way, "Darling, *do* you hate me enough to kill me?"

Lynn ignored his question. Looking up at McComb, she said:

"Aren't we overlooking a very serious point, lieutenant? Charlie Dixon wasn't killed until almost eleven o'clock. If it was somebody here—somebody in the theater—who put the bullet into the gun before the show, intending it for my husband, he'd have had several opportunities to get it *out* of the gun again during intermissions. He'd easily have been able to save Charlie's life."

"Don't men work on the stage during intermissions?" McComb asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then they'd have seen anybody fussing with the gun. He'd have had to explain." McComb shrugged. "The only other explanation, of course, is that the bullet was put into the gun this afternoon by somebody who wasn't here tonight—somebody who couldn't know that Charlie Dixon had taken your husband's place."

He might just as easily have said, "Mark Seller."

To me, at the beginning, the thing was absurd. Mark was one of the sweetest old men in show business. He was sixty-eight, and he had enough friends in New York to fill the Yankee Stadium. True, he occasionally lost his temper, but basically he was a friendly man. If Mark Seller was capable of trying to kill the star who was helping him make a fortune with Witchcraft, he'd lost his mind.

McComb had hardly finished speaking when Mark himself came in.

When he decided Lieutenant McComb was in charge, he asked in a breathless voice, "How did it happen? How in heaven's name could such a thing happen?"

"We're trying to find out," McComb said. "You Mark Seller?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Well, maybe you can help."

"Help? God, the thing doesn't make any sense to me—not any sense at all!"

Beside me Virginia Rocklin had been fingering her cigarette lighter. As Seller spoke, she opened her purse to drop the thing inside. I don't know what made me glance down—the movement of her hands, perhaps. Anyway, I had a brief glimpse of some of the things inside the purse.

Virginia wasn't aware of my glance. I sat very still, not looking at her, not letting my expression change—just wondering why there should be a .22 blank cartridge in her bag.

To be concluded in the next issue.

WHALER'S JONAH

Continued from Page 19

Lofden Cannery just as the workers streamed out in overalls and rubber aprons.

Marie Viello was an office worker and wore a neat dark dress with white at throat and wrists. Marie had shining black hair, clear olive skin with a ruddy glow of health, great dark eyes, finely arched brows, and full, smiling lips. Finally he saw her, with a leap of heart, and waited, smiling.

Her eyes widened, and then she ran to him with a choked "Jimmy!" She hugged him, and her lips were eager against his mouth. She laughed shakily and said, "Oh, Jimmy, I wasn't expecting you!" She grasped his hand. "If we hurry, we can be at the pier when the Roma comes in. Dad's got a big surprise for you!"

"And how's Cousin Tony?"

"Oh, Tony's fine! Now, Jimmy, no fights."

"Oh, Tony's really a swell guy," Jimmy admitted ruefully, "but he's so big and good-looking, and he's so crazy about you—"

"But it's you *I'm* crazy about, Jimmy."

They met old friends, whose faces lit with welcoming surprise as they recognized Jimmy.

"So now you're a big-shot whale gunner, huh?" called Vince Cesario, skipper of the Tio II. Jimmy grinned.

Jimmy had never written home that he was actually a whaling gunner. All he'd ever said was that he was making the voyage aboard the Hektoria to learn to be a gunner. For that was what he had hoped. It wasn't until he had reached the whaling grounds that he discovered what he was up against. And he'd been too humiliated to write home about that.

■ The Roma II was chugging in as they reached the end of the pier. Old Pete Viello, Marie's father, was captain and owned the biggest share of her.

There was something strange about the boat. Frowning, Jimmy studied her—and gasped, "Marie!"

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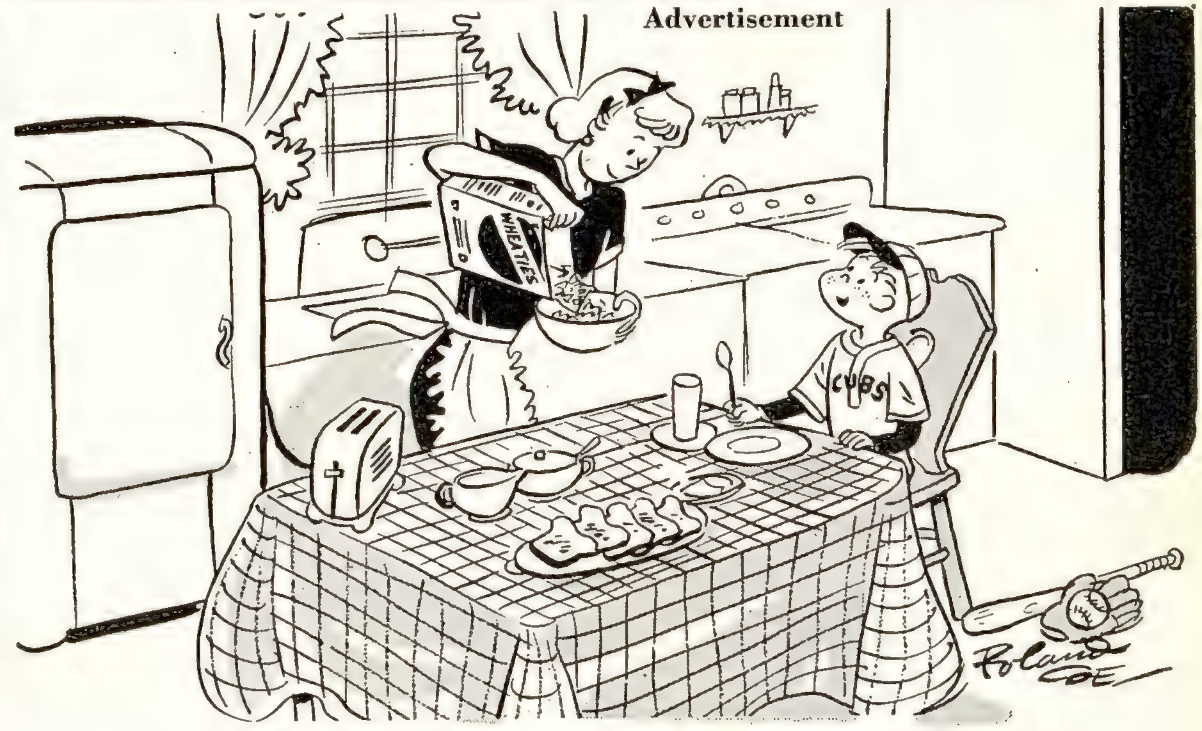

"We've got an easy game today, but I'll take another bowl of Wheaties, just in case!"

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"That's the surprise," Marie said, laughing delightedly.

On the bow of the Roma II stood a heavy whaling cannon.

Marie said, "The old whaling station in Whalers Cove has been reopened. They'll take any whales brought in."

"I bet Pete went into it just so I could be gunner for him!"

"You know how fond Pete is of you, Jimmy," she said softly.

"There ain't a finer guy on earth," Jimmy breathed. "But it takes money to start whaling! Harpoons are over a hundred dollars apiece. Why, just the license costs a thousand bucks! Who put up the cash? The whole crew?"

"Dad put up most, but the others put in their share."

"Cousin Tony too," Jimmy groaned, "and I bet he screamed like it came out of his veins. Look, Marie. I'm not a gunner. You hear?"

Her dark eyes widened in surprise.

"But, Jimmy, your letters were full of shooting whales."

"Sure. Only I never got a chance to actually handle a gun."

"You'll get your chance now, Jimmy."

"That wouldn't be fair to your dad. And Tony! If he finds out, he'll say I'm a stinking phony!"

"Then there's just one thing to do. Grit your teeth and *try*."

"All right," Jimmy said finally.

The Roma II tied up and her crew came ashore.

Marie's father hugged Jimmy, kept saying, "Damn, Jimmy, good to see you, good to see you, boy!" And the other members of the crew gathered around to pump Jimmy's hand. Only Tony Luca, the tall engineer of the Roma II, hung back, his handsome dark face scowling. When Jimmy turned toward him, hand outstretched, Tony clasped it grudgingly.

Old Pete Viello pointed with a proud flourish to the whale gun.

"Look, Jimmy! You see? You like, hey?"

The cannon was the usual bulky Foyn gun of three-and-a-half-inch bore, its massive barrel set in a heavy yoke that swiveled. On the platform were two coils of manila line, "foregoer" rope for two harpoons. The rope went below the deck, Pete explained, and back to the mast. Then up the mast to a set of blocks and springs which would serve as snubbers to absorb the shock of a whale lunging on the line. From the mast each rope went to the winch. Where the seine table ordinarily sat on the stern of the vessel was now an eighty-horsepower gas engine and a winch with two four-foot drums.

Jimmy's eyes shone. "You got a fine rig, Pete."

"Tomorrow, Jimmy, we go whaling. Yes?"

Jimmy swallowed hard and nodded.

■ Next morning, as the Roma II chugged out of harbor, Jimmy loaded the Foyn gun. The seiner was headed due west, out toward the warm Japan Current.

"Blast!" The shout came from Nick Bianchi in the crow's-nest. "Jimmy! There she blows. Northwest!"

Jimmy sighted the lifting white vapor of a whale's spouting, and he nodded with pretended calm, and gestured for Pete to veer the seiner northward toward the "blow."

And then, maddeningly, the whale plunged out of sight.

Now was the test of a gunner's luck and judgment!

"Pete!" Jimmy ordered. "Head west." There, he figured, the whale would rise.

Pete swung the seiner, and they chugged over the swirl that marked the whale's descent. But they did not see him again. Hours ached past and dejection weighed upon Jimmy.

And then, in late afternoon, Jimmy sighted the high spout of a blue. "Pete!" he shouted. "Head south!"

The blue sounded, then surfaced presently—just a short distance ahead of the seiner. Swiftly Jimmy tilted the gun muzzle down, his throat choking with excitement. Closer, closer! Just a few yards more! Now! He pressed the flat bar trigger.

The gun spoke with a bellow of black powder and a gust of smoke, and the harpoon lashed out. It sped straight, it speared into the dark arch of the whale's back. With a wild flurry the blue plunged, and the coil of rope hissed from the deck.

At that instant Jimmy felt a shock in the planking underfoot; heard a sharp ripping *cr-a-ack*. He saw the rope tear apart, he saw the rope lash back, whipcrack past him into the front of the wheelhouse with a force that dented the woodwork. He heard a cry. Whirling, he saw a net puller, Mike Ullio, lying on the deck.

"Mike! What happened?"

"My leg, my leg!" Mike groaned.

Jimmy dropped down beside him as others came running. Mike's leg was broken. Jimmy realized what had happened. The heavy rope, flicking back so violently, had barely touched Mike. If it had struck him squarely, it would have crushed every bone in his body.

"Jimmy," the hurt man gasped, "did the whale get away?"

"Never mind, Mike."

"Oh, sure!" It was Luca, heavily sarcastic. "What's a broken leg? We scared a whale, didn't we?"

"Tony, you shut up!" Pete raged at him. "It's luck, Jimmy. No good today but *fine* tomorrow! We go home now, get doctor for Mike."

Jimmy was too shaken for reply. *That rope shouldn't have parted like that!*

■ Presently he went below. He studied the heavy rope coiled under the deck. And he found a length of tarred four-by-four timber snarled in the line. His dark eyes narrowed as he realized what had happened. That four-by-four, so *accidentally* lying in the twists of rope, had got caught in it and was drawn up against the deck bracing about the small aperture, stopping the rope for just an instant—and the terrific power of the maddened whale had snapped the rope.

Putting that four-by-four in the coil was just plain murder.

When the Roma II tied up at the pier, Mike Ullio was put in a car and rushed to the doctor. Jimmy stopped Tony Luca.

"Tony, you're walking out into the alley with me."

Tony Luca's handsome dark face smiled mirthlessly.

"O.K. I got a shellacking all saved up for you."

They strode off together. When they reached the alley, Jimmy faced Tony, fists clenched; and Jimmy thought: Now I'm really home. Ever since Jim-

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

my had started going with Marie, back in high school, the belligerence between him and Tony had flared into fight after fight. Tony—taller, heavier—had always won.

"This one you'll remember." Tony grinned and looped a right at Jimmy's head. Jimmy went back on his heels, and again Tony struck, and Jimmy fell sprawling.

But he scrambled up instantly, and again he ducked in under Tony's looping right and pounded left and right into Tony's midriff. Tony doubled up, and Jimmy slugged with all his strength. Tony backtracked out of reach. Recklessly Jimmy bore in on him. Then it happened. Tony's fist struck flush to Jimmy's chin.

When Jimmy was conscious again, he was flat on his back and Tony was bent over him.

"Get up! I'm just started with you!"

Jimmy lurched unsteadily to his feet.

"No," he said thickly. "Listen, Tony. I'm warning you. No more tricks like sticking a four-by-four in the harpoon line. Next thing like that happens, I'm coming for you again, but I'll use a club or a shotgun. You hear me?"

"You're crazy! You can't prove a thing!"

"But I'll make a deal with you. If we lose money at whaling, I'll give my share in the Roma II to the rest of you crewmen and leave the boat. But if we do make money whaling, then we go whaling every season. Meanwhile you pull no dirty tricks. Agreed?"

For a moment Tony considered. A seiner's earnings were divided into eighteen parts. Six parts went to the owners; one part went to each of the twelve-man crew. Of the owner's six parts, five were owned by Pete Viello, and one part Jimmy had inherited from his father. That one part averaged four thousand dollars in ordinary seasons.

"All right!" Tony snapped.

■ The morning, next day, passed without a single spout being sighted.

And then, in mid-afternoon, a voice from the stern yelled, "Blow!"

The spout was almost a quarter mile behind. Jimmy gestured, and Pete turned the seiner. As they approached, the whale spouted several times, and fluked down under the surface.

If that whale is on the dodge, we'll never catch him, Jimmy realized. But if he's just cruising along and feeding, he'll hold his course.

"Straight ahead!" Jimmy ordered Pete. "Full speed."

The long, suspenseful minutes passed. And then the whale surfaced—so close that the wind brought its vaporous stinking breath right aboard the seiner.

A humpback. And a big one!

Hardly breathing, Jimmy waited for the range to shorten. Then he fired. The whale was hit, for the foregoer rope was shooting off the gun platform. After it followed the heavier line; and the blocks and springs groaned on the mast as the shock of the whale's plunge came through the rope.

"Haul in line!" Jimmy shouted to Pete; and Pete relayed the order to Tony Luca, standing at the winch on the stern.

The four-foot drum was unreeling as if the whale were headed for the

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HOUR LATER
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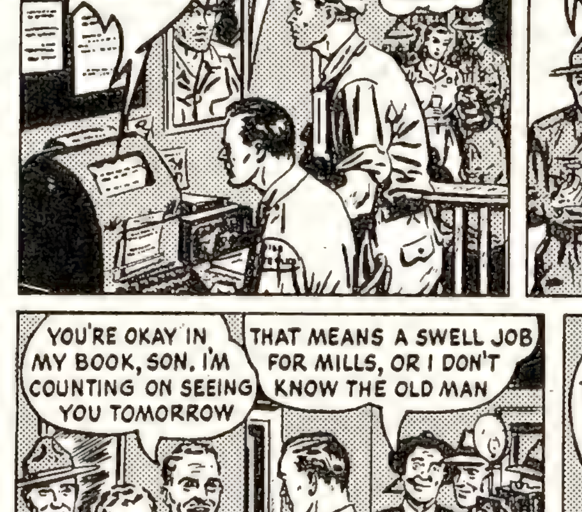
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sea bottom. Tony braked the drum and gradually checked its turning. But that fifty tons of anguished violence at the far end of the rope was towing the seiner.

Pete reversed the Diesel and gunned it to full speed. The propeller threshed and the Roma II jarred and pounded, taking punishment, for the whale still towed her and was swinging left and right as it surged blindly on the line.

Jimmy swung his gun about and rammed in powder and wadding and yelled for help to muscle a second harpoon into the barrel.

The winch slowly reeled in rope until, suddenly, the whale shot for the surface. He was still too far off for the finishing harpoon.

"Haul in!" Jimmy commanded.

The humpback fluked under once more, and Jimmy swore in helpless dismay. This could go on for hours.

But the whale was wearing itself out. It surfaced again presently. In desperation, Jimmy figured trajectory and fired a long shot.

Behind him the crew whooped as the harpoon struck home and the grenade went off with a thud muffled by deep layers of blubber. "What a shot, Jimmy! What a shot!"

He busied himself reloading the gun as Pete brought the Roma II up alongside the dead whale. Jimmy wanted nobody to notice the quivering that spread from his stomach to his hands. He'd got his first whale!

Nick Bianchi thrust the air into the humpback and yelled for pressure to inflate the abdominal cavity and make the carcass buoyant enough to float. The crew gathered at the rail.

His gun loaded, Jimmy finally joined them.

Pete Viello thumped him on the back, laughing delightedly. "You got us a fine fat one, Jimmy! A fine one!"

■ *"Whale! Another one!"*

The shout came from the crow's-nest. Electrified, everyone turned to look. Sure enough. North of the boat!

"Pete! Let's try for it. My gun's loaded. Come on!"

Pete clambered up onto the flying bridge, yelling for the men to cast loose the dead bull. He gunned the Diesel and the seiner lunged ahead. Jimmy swiveled his gun and tilted the barrel down.

As the boat lifted on a swell, he glimpsed the back of the whale again. Close! Almost within range. A few yards closer—Now. *Now!* He pressed the trigger.

The cannon bellowed and smoke ballooned out, hiding whale, water, and harpoon. In agony, Jimmy strained to see. Had he missed?

No. There was the whale! And his harpoon had gone in low and forward. It had killed the whale instantly.

Pete brought the Roma II up beside the whale, and Nick jabbed the air lance into the carcass to inflate it.

"Jimmy!"

It was a strangled gasp from old Pete. Jimmy looked up. Pete was pointing beyond the whale, and his face was stricken.

Jimmy looked. And the strength went out of his knees. There, on the whale's far side, was a calf.

Jimmy turned again toward Pete Viello, his eyes anguished. Old Pete was gray-faced with despair.

"You know what the fine is for taking a whale with an unweaned calf?"

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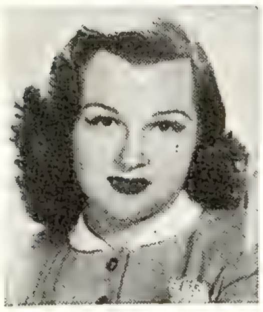
About Ballads

by Jo Stafford



■ One of the prettiest ballads of all time is Jimmy McHugh's **Don't Blame Me,** especially as done by the King Cole Trio, with King Cole on the vocal. (Capitol 15110; list price, 75 cents.)

Sammy Kaye and his orchestra have recorded **Friendly Mountains,** one of the songs from Bing Crosby's Emperor Waltz movie. The Kaye vocalists and choir all join in on the lyrics. (Victor 20-2922; list price, 75 cents.)

Helen Forrest, accompanied by Harold Mooney's orchestra, gives excellent vocal treatment to two new songs, **Just for Now** and **July and I.** (M-G-M 10215; list price, 75 cents.)

Several years ago Bing Crosby recorded two all-time favorites, **I Cried for You** and **Melancholy Baby,** both with John Scott Trotter's orchestra, and they're being reissued now as collectors' items. (Decca 25355; list price, 75 cents.)

Also in the collectors' corner are two more oldies sung by Judy Garland, and waxed way back when—**Sleep, My Baby, Sleep** and **Dear Mr. Gable: You Made Me Love You,** the record on which Judy sings a musical love letter to her movie-star idol. (Decca 25393; list price, 75 cents.)

My radio partner, Perry Como, always does right well with a ballad, and his new release should do right well by Perry. He has chosen two pretty, new Irving Berlin tunes, **Better Luck Next Time** and **It Only Happens When I Dance with You,** both from the musical picture Easter Parade. (Victor 20-2888; list price, 75 cents.)

David Rose and his orchestra revive two popular old songs, **Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered** and **Moon of Manakoora,** both done instrumentally, with his usual lush arrangements. (M-G-M 30120; list price, 75 cents.)

Speaking of revivals, Dinah Shore brings back two of the most nostalgic songs ever written, **I Get Along Without You Very Well** and **I'll Be Seeing You,** with Joseph Lilley's orchestra. (Columbia 38201; list price, 75 cents.) Dinah also lends her smooth style to a brand-new ballad, **May I Still Hold You** (When the Dance Is Over), accompanied by Sonny Burke's orchestra. (Columbia 38216; list price, 75 cents.)

Night and Day has been sung and played in every possible manner. That versatile vocal quintet, the Starlighters, have made a most unusual arrangement of it for their latest record, with Paul Weston's orchestra. (Capitol 15114; list price, 75 cents.) ■■

It was Tony Luca's outraged voice. "Up to ten thousand dollars, and maybe six months in prison, too!"

"Pete," Nick Bianchi called, "we'll raise the money. Don't worry."

Jimmy realized excitement had stampeded him.

"Whatever the fine is," he said heavily, "I'll try and pay it off."

"Pete's the one who'll go to jail," Tony retorted. "How'll you pay *that* off?"

Jimmy had no answer.

Pete's voice came from the flying bridge, tired and resigned: "All right, Nick. Stick in lance, get in air."

"No, Pete!" Tony urged. "No other boat's close enough to see. Let's leave this whale. It'll sink, and nobody'll ever know!"

"Jimmy," old Pete asked, "what does law say?"

"You report every whale you kill."

"So. We bring in whale. I got live with myself, Tony."

Reluctantly Nick inflated the carcass; and then, both whales in tow, the Roma II labored toward port.

■ As the Roma pulled into Whalers Cove, the sight of *two* whales sparked a lot of excitement. Pete Viello summoned spirit to give crisp orders. His men made lines fast about the "small" of each whale, and the station winches started hauling the sea giants up the ramp to the cutting deck.

The crew of the Roma II grew tense and silent as the Coast Guard inspector stalked into the whalery yard. Lieutenant (j.g.) Clausen had to pass on each whale before it was butchered.

He grinned and shouted to Pete, "Nice work. A fine catch!"

Lieutenant Clausen looked at the bull humpback and nodded. He turned to the female, and his dark brows knitted together. Borrowing a flensing tool from one of the cutters, he jabbed into the big carcass. And what he saw made him put down the tool and come striding toward the Roma II, his lips compressed.

"Viello, this female's in milk. Didn't you see her calf?"

"Yeah, I see calf, but too late," Pete admitted quietly.

"Who's your gunner? Doesn't he know the rules?"

"I'm the gunner, sir," Jimmy said unsteadily.

"Where'd you learn whaling?"

"In the Antarctic, with a Norwegian outfit."

"They didn't teach you to shoot a female with a calf!"

Jimmy blurted the whole story: "There were ten of us Americans who signed to make the cruise on the Hektoria. We were all to train as gunners, but not a one of us got training.

"The boats were all Norwegian vessels. Every gunner had his own handpicked Norwegian crew. We couldn't get a job on a killer boat at all! Why, even on the factory ship, they used us only as deck and mess boys. To learn to be a gunner, first you have to get hired on a killer boat. You have to work up to mate, and that takes at least seven years' experience. So you see how much chance I had.

"But, Pete," he went on pleadingly, "I did watch. I asked questions and I learned. I finally got on a killer boat as an observer. I learned a hell of a lot!"

"Sure you did, Jimmy. Didn't you kill two whales today?"

"You know the penalty?" Lieuten-

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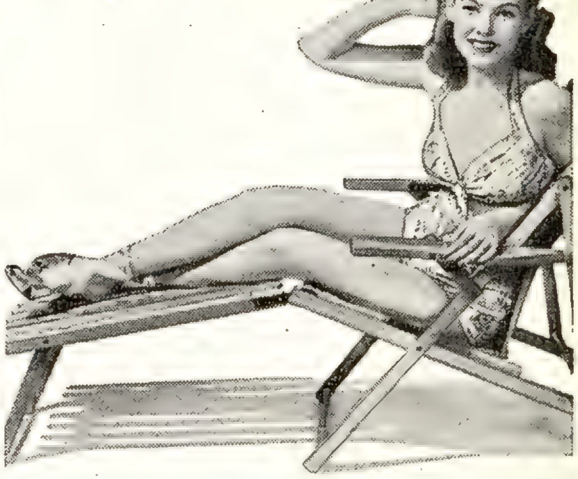

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ant Clausen asked Pete. "It's intentionally severe. A fine of —"

From the ramp came a yell of such excitement that it caused them all to turn and stare. Young Nick Bianchi had walked down onto the ramp close to the female humpback. Nick, now, was pointing at the whale's flank.

"Look!" he bawled. "There's *two* harpoons in 'er!"

Old Pete Viello already understood, and his seamed face was transformed with joy. He whooped.

"Jimmy! Now you see what happen. Come on!"

The truth flashed on Jimmy, but he dared not believe it. He started running after Pete. The lieutenant followed perplexedly.

"Lieutenant, you look!" Pete said.

Jimmy saw his harpoon projecting from the whale. But Nick and Pete were on the opposite side, pointing at a second harpoon in the humpback's side.

"I explain, lieutenant," Pete Viello said. "When we see this whale, she's close, and Jimmy is all excite'. Jimmy shoot harpoon real quick. We think we kill whale so quick it never have chance try get away. But that not so, lieutenant. Somebody else *already* have kill this whale!"

■ "How do I know," Clausen demanded, "that your own gunner didn't put two harpoons in?"

"No!" Jimmy insisted. "I took just one shot. The whole crew'll swear to that! Besides, I'm using one-fifty-pound solid-shaft harpoons. Look at this harpoon. It's a hollow-shaft one-twenty-pound iron. And the piece of rope on it is different from mine, too!"

The Coast Guard man grinned.

"Well, I'm damned glad." He punched old Pete affectionately on the chest. "Somebody else killed this whale, then discovered the calf—cut the carcass loose and beat it in a hurry. Maybe," he said, his face hardening, "we can match this rope on the light harpoon with rope on another boat. Meanwhile, Pete, you've assisted us by bringing this whale in. I'll recommend that you be allowed to keep it."

Pete put his arm around Jimmy. "Jimmy, you sure hit jackpot for us! I bet you that bull alone bring us over six thousand dollars!"

"I shouldn't've shot a female in milk, Pete."

"How you talk, Jimmy! Some other gunner shoot this whale with calf before you did. I bet you this other man is old Norsky gunner. Yet *he* make this mistake before you make it."

"Why, that's right!" Suddenly Jimmy grinned. "That's right. Some old-timer. And I'm just a beginner!" He drew in a long, happy breath. ■■

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Continued from Page 26

"So you spent every last penny on one dinner, right here, eating steak. And we started our married life with not an asset in the world."

Jim looked at his plate. "If memory serves, as a cook, you were a distinct liability."

"No honeymoon. No money. A husband without a job." She shook her head in mock disapproval. "My father was furious!"

"The war—"

"Don't mention that word."

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"But your father did forgive you while I was away."

"Most men dream of their wives while they're fighting a war," she said. "Not you. You dreamed of lawsuits. Your letters read something like this: 'My darling, Thanks for that lawbook. I came across a most interesting brief in it. The case in detail was as follows—' "

"I dreamed of proving you'd married the right guy," he said. "You know. A quick success."

"A quick success—in law?"

"Look here, Mary, you haven't answered my question. Have you or have you not regretted—"

"You sound as solemn as a judge."

"Why can't you answer one simple little question?"

"Because you know the answer already."

"You've never been sorry?"

"Never! We've always had such interesting quarrels—"

Now he looked past her, nodding, and the music became a personal message, as for them alone. Mary flicked her glance from Jim to the smiling man with the baton. "Shall we dance, Mary?"

■ Her dress was long, swirling in softness as they danced, and they were silent in the magic of a love that was particularly their own. Then, as the song ran into its chorus, he bent his head near her ear humming the familiar tune. And she smiled at his off-key voice just as she'd done the night of their wedding.

Only when the music shifted to another melody did they leave the floor to sit opposite each other again, and Jim said, "Before I give you this package, Mary, I think I should explain that it's entirely different from those we've exchanged right here on other anniversaries."

Mary glanced up and a frown caught at her heart. "In what way different?"

"Well, I know that our special gifts were never costly or the kind we'd show our family or friends—or even the children." His eyes were bright, shining with memory. "Remember the time I found a book for you that had been published the very day of our wedding?"

"Of course I remember!" she said. "But if you spoil everything by giving me something impressive, I'll—"

"Don't worry," he said. "It's just that I didn't take weeks searching, as I usually do. As a matter of fact, I've had it since the day we were married."

"No! Jim, that's wonderful!"

She felt excitement strain at her chest as he handed her the small package. She opened it slowly, savoring the moment. It was one old coin. A fifty-cent piece.

"Why are you grinning?" he asked. "I haven't explained it yet."

"Tell me about it," she begged, because that was part of the ritual.

"The night we were married, I left a dollar tip right here," he said, tapping the table. "You know, playing the big shot to impress you. But I couldn't go through with it. When your head was turned, I took back one fifty-cent piece. That's the very one—in your hand."

■ A young redheaded girl murmured apology and walked past, her arm clinging to that of the young man with her.

"Sweet old things," the girl said,

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eying Mary and Jim. "But—good Lord—so old!"

And saying it, she clutched the young man's arm tighter, as if to ward off the dread of age and the time of lost love.

"Not so loud, Ginny," the young man said. "That's Judge Markam. Supreme Court judge at that. Fine way to talk."

And Mary stared at Jim, trying to see him through another's eyes. She saw the sparse white hair, the lines carved gently but deeply in his face, and the forward droop of his thin shoulders. Yet it was a strain to see all this, because to her he hadn't changed very much, if at all.

Then, almost at once, a quick chill ran along her body, remembering a girl with smooth cheeks and soft brown hair. A girl long since hidden from view within the heart of a small white-haired lady. She glanced up, uncertain and a little afraid. But Jim's eyes were saying, "I see her, Mary—that girl with smooth cheeks and soft brown hair."

Aloud, he said, "How come we've been married fifty years and you still can't cook a steak like this?"

She sighed a long, satisfied sigh. "Just afraid you'd be bored if I were perfect in everything."

He reached out, and when their hands met, two old coins met at the same time and there was a faint clinking sound, only loud enough for them to hear.

"Happy anniversary," she whispered.

"It is," he said, whispering too. ■■

THE BIBLE IS A CATHOLIC BOOK

People differ radically in what they think about the Bible.

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Nowhere in the Bible text will you find a list of the 73 inspired books of which it is composed. This list was given to the world by the Catholic Church almost three full centuries after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Between the time of the Crucifixion and the time that the Scriptures were gathered into a single Book, millions had received and accepted the teachings of Christ... and died without ever seeing the complete Bible.

Established by Christ Himself and rapidly spread among the nations of the world, the Catholic Church was carrying on Christ's work for the salvation of men some 60 years before the Apostle John wrote his books of the New Testament.

For more than a thousand years afterward, the Scriptures were preserved and circulated by Catholic monks and scholars who laboriously copied the sacred text by hand. And the Bible authorized by the Catholic Church was the first book produced by Gutenberg upon the invention of printing.

Yes, the Bible is truly a Catholic book. They were members of the Catholic Church who, under God's inspiration, wrote the New Testament in its entirety.

It was the Catholic Church which treasured it and gave it to the world in its original and unaltered form. It is the infallible authority of the Catholic Church that always has been the only sure guarantee of its inspiration.

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FOOD

Continued from Page 49

Veal Aspic *(Basic Recipe)*

Take a knuckle of veal. Add a pound of veal shank or breast, a finely minced onion, and 1 teaspoon of salt. Simmer gently in 2 quarts of water until tender (about 2 hours). Remove veal, cool, and chop fine. Strain the broth through cheesecloth. Return to stove and simmer until it is about a cupful. Add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice, minced parsley, ¼ teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, a dash of paprika. Rinse a mold in cold water, mix meat and seasoned broth together. Chill in refrigerator. Turn mold out on platter. Garnish with crisp lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise with dash of mustard. This basic recipe can be made with a budget-priced cut of beef or a fowl.

Molded Jellied Ham and Chicken

Part I

1 quart chicken stock (liquid in which chicken was cooked)
3½ tablespoons gelatin
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon
Dash of nutmeg
2 egg whites, slightly beaten (with crushed shells)

Place over low heat, stir constantly until boiling point is reached. Remove from heat, let stand, and strain through cheesecloth. Grease a round 9-inch mold, 2 inches deep. Pour in liquid to depth of ¼ inch. Chill until firm. Garnish with fancy slices of hard-cooked egg, sprigs of water cress. Spoon a thin layer of liquid over the jelly to hold decorations in place. Return to refrigerator to chill.

Part II

Cut 1 pound baked ham and white meat of cooked chicken in thin strips. Arrange lengthwise on jelly, cover with liquid jelly return to refrigerator to chill. Repeat process until all ham, chicken, and jelly are used, finishing with a layer of jelly. Place in refrigerator until serving time. Turn out on platter. Garnish with crisp lettuce and tiny cubes of quick aspic jelly.

(The chicken stock can be left covered at room temperature while the jelly in the 9-inch mold is chilling. Or it may be placed in pan of lukewarm water if it starts to set before it can be used.)

Quick Aspic Jelly

If there isn't enough chicken aspic left over to use, canned chicken broth and gelatin may be used in the following proportions: 1 tablespoon gelatin to 1 cup broth.

Lemon Cream Sherbet

1 pint milk
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 pint cream
4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Add 1 cup sugar to milk and allow to dissolve. When thoroughly dissolved, add lemon rind and juice. Stir while adding lemon juice. Turn into tray and freeze until of mushy consistency. Beat the egg whites until stiff, adding the 2 tablespoons sugar gradually. Whip the cream to a thick custard consistency. Combine the beaten egg whites with the cream. Add frozen mixture and mix lightly. Return to freezing unit and freeze. Garnish with a sprig of mint.

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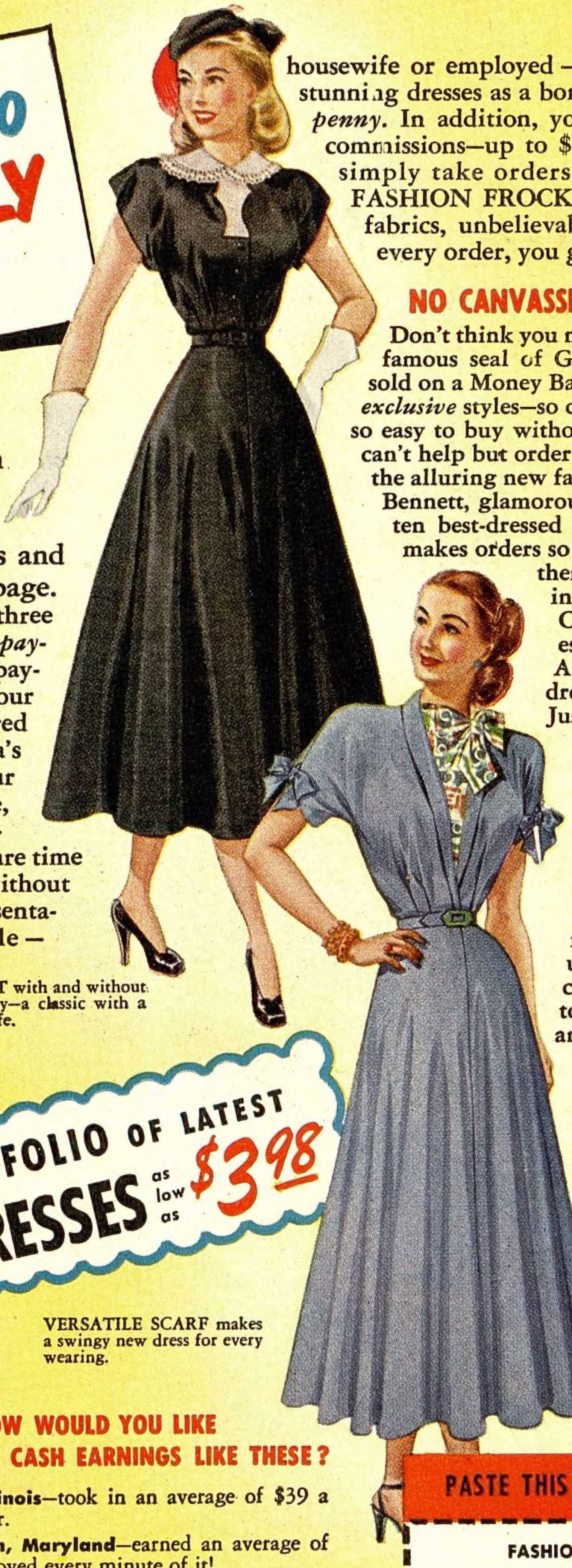

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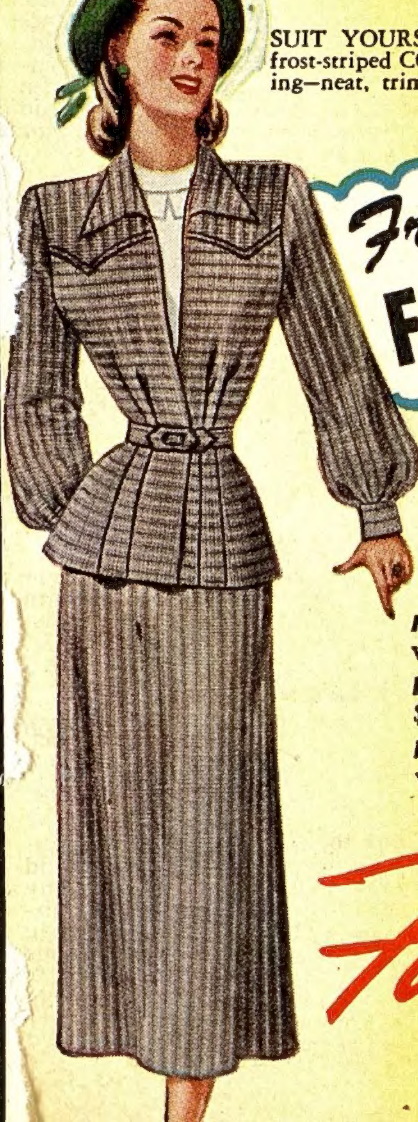

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